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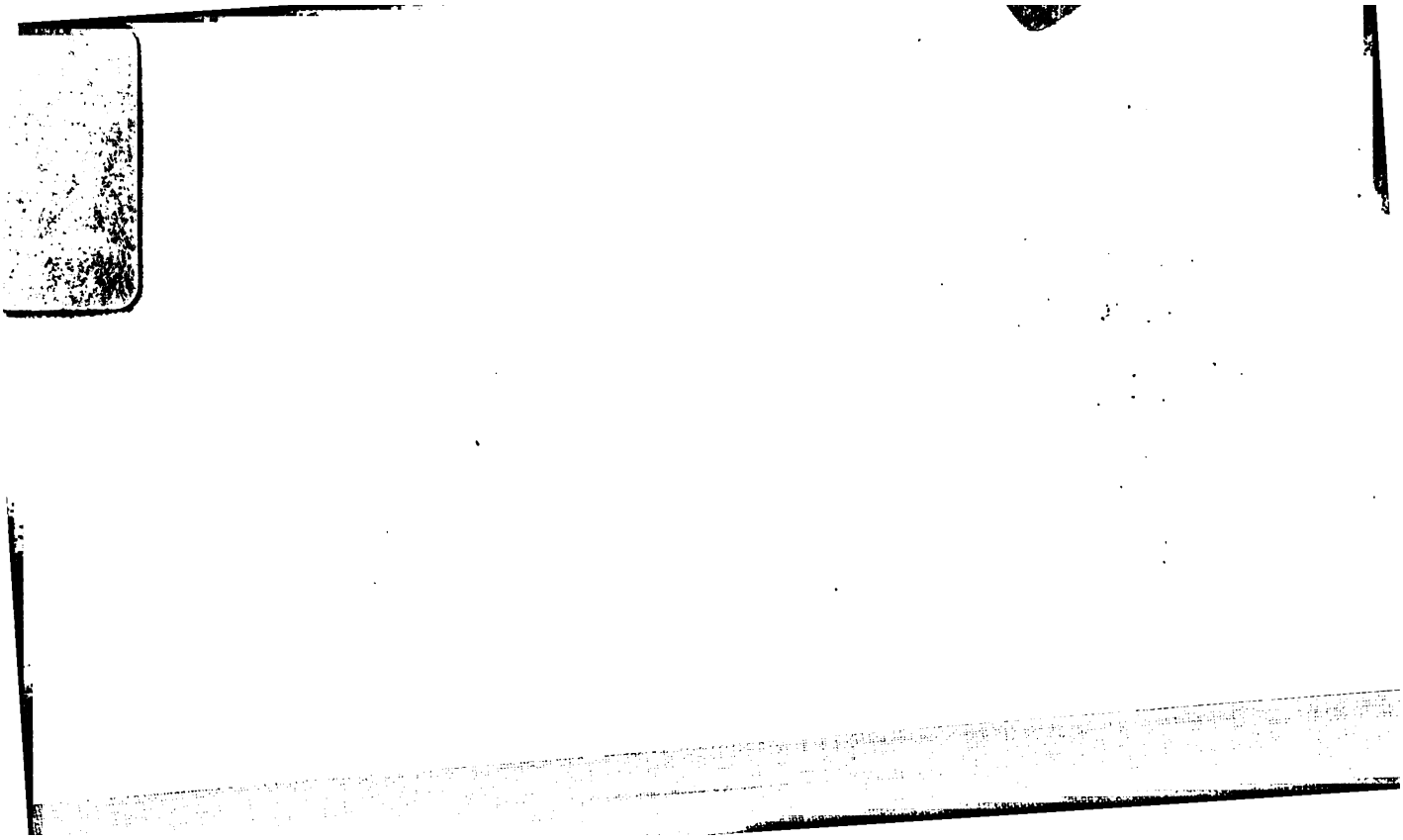

# NARRAGANSETT;

OR,

# THE PLANTATIONS:

## A STORY OF 177—.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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# NARRAGANSETT;

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## CHAPTER I.

MALBONE rose the next morning a happier man. To spirits like his the disentanglement of ills and the overcoming of personal embarrassments always give a severe pleasure. It was a great thing to have saved his house from burning. Though not undesirable that it should have brushed the fiery danger, for the accident would make him much talked about and attract a good deal of laudatory remark.

He set little cost by the money value of his building. He thought he prized the moral properties of life more than property, though it is true this would have been assured to him



6

by the Hand-in-Hand Agency. But the relics of a life history, the books that had taught his bachelorhood, the letters that interested his gallant days, the beaded mocassins given him by Miss C—— who never married, the silver bodkin from her mother sixteen years before, the acrostics beginning, My first is a thousand though standing alone, in the hand of the beautiful Mrs. B——n, her ivory miniature, her brother's sword:

Again, the Cottonian MSS. a mine of theology, the voluminous pages of Sir Miles equally a quarry of politics, the portraits of the Winthrops; the large historical pictures of the landing of Lord Dunmore, Governor Hutchinson and Mr. Hancock walking down King Street, the insurrection of Leisler, the Otis family sledding on Fort hill, the speaker of the Virginia Assembly announcing the Restoration, the Iroquois in winter, the canoe in a squall, the girl in a shirt, Massasoit in Council, the Princess lamenting Captain Smith, the journals and his own private library Mr. Redwood had bequeathed to his grandfather—these had been a loss indeed no as-

surance could restore and as little repay. In truth his reflection was that he had been burnt just enough to make him interesting, without serious or lasting hurt.

Then as regarded his wife, he felt himself that it was a wonder and wondered not that the world should wonder. But the ice was broken, his part was taken, he would introduce the dear little thing to the society where she would meet only equals, and that would no more dare disparage her than malign him. If people had really thought him in earnest when he spoke ill of matrimony, that was their look-out. He could afford them a subject for talk, but was not bound to provide them discernment; and besides what at forty-five would have been weakness had quite another look at free independent sixty. Byles had set all that matter right.

Moreover he had been truer to his principles than might seem at first sight, having rewarded humble merit instead of swelling pride that needed no bolster, and thus overlaid the bonds of affection with the bands of gratitude. Such should always be the case, though in an age

instant, and that already one had been approved to call for explanation.

He was aware that colonels and lieutenant-colonels never returned thanks or meddled with matters like the present, that majors were expected to advise but never to act, and ensigns and old boys in the first form above allowed to do neither one nor the other. Consequently it fell upon captains to redress common wrongs in the sense of military ethics, and among these the duty went by seniority, and therefore the oldest was the solid man honoured with responsibility on such occasions. Malbone surmised that in this case Auchmuty would embody the wishes of the offended men at arms, and it proved to be so. Before calling on him, however, he preferred to have an interview with the guilty cause of the trouble.

He found the latter not at Whitfield's, where his father and cognates kept their temporary abode, but in handsome rooms on the Parade; for the heir to great fortune, though yet a tender bachelor, had his separate establishment even at a place of summer sojourn. With friends and relations in England, and

what was more pleasing large family estates there, he had made his classes at Eton, where his name may still be seen carved *more Etonense* on oak walls. Passing thence to Oxford, and afterwards without taking his degrees setting out on the grand tour, two years spent in travel brought him to a much longer sojourn at Paris. Favoured at court, observed in society by persons *du haut pas*, he came back to his own country full of plans of benevolence and improvement. He wished people to drink wine at breakfast, and talk French; but the change was difficult and not effected even to this day.

He was one of a race not long planted on this side of the ocean. At least his grandfather was the pioneer who brought wealth and station to the shore of the strait that helps to make Manhattan an island. The fortune of this latter partly invested in the Plantations, he became the greatest landholder in New York, and in Pennsylvania a proprietor of no mean rating. His house, during his life and for many years after, rivalled that of the Churches of Compton, or the homes of Virginia, in

free entertainment. Delanceys and Stirlings, Duers and Gouverneurs, Laights, Livingstons, and Murrays, with his own multiplying branches, formed at this time a society from which the great commercial city ever since has been swerving. It was not the Dutch Knickerbockers, sensual and vulgar, but the good English blood that flourished in honour. Politics in America up to this time had left the heir of Harlem and his kinsmen adherents of the king's government, though in a few months the folly of ministers, the opposition of friends at home, the force of events or the force of wrong, was to carry over every bearer of the name to the other side.

As Malbone entered his lodgings about midday, the hero of the *veille*, much out of condition, met him in unkempt apparel in a room equally uncared for. A dress rapier lay across a chair, a *chapeau de bras* on the floor, books were tossed here and there, and brother shirt buttons separated by a distance on the carpet. A long mirror was shockingly starred as if somebody had tried to walk through it, and the same person, perhaps, had completely

cleared the portrait of a French lady, for there was a rupture in it a big pony could have got through. That moral repugnance might heighten physical confusion, the master of disorder was essaying his breakfast with a bottle of claret, but the refusing appetite figured on the sallow face none but disagreeable images. Malbone was not surprised at what he saw, for in the fashion of the time such a morning, multiplied by the number of guests, adding in one for the giver of the feast, commonly followed a dinner party over night.

He greeted Mr. Malbone with sickly compliments, and almost directly confessed that he had been overcome on the eve, indeed so hopelessly done up that he had no recollection of anything except that the house was burnt down, for which he was extremely sorry. Judas Maccabæus had brought him home and put him to bed. Mac was probably quite as glorious as himself, for he had not shown his face this morning, and for what little good in life he, his master, had at the moment he was indebted to cook Beulah, whose increasing delicacy of attention was due to the Almanach

des Gourmands, the study of which had been enforced on her of late, though she could not read and had no acquaintance with French.

Malbone opened as shortly as he could the object of his call, and even set out the recreant words. objected to. But the answer was equally ready and conclusive. The accused had not the slightest recollection of the circumstance, for his memory was thick with wood smoke, but he took it on him to deny, as forcibly as a severe headache would allow, that he had ever emitted a sentiment of the kind alleged. He might have said *surcease* or something like it, but never never *Success to rebellion.* The thing was impossible, absurd, facetious, and he wished Mr. Malbone to make the explanation at once that must relieve the distress of the misinterpreters.

It seemed adapted to that end, and Malbone took his leave entirely satisfied with the result. Again mounting his horse he rode straight out to camp, and inquiring at the main guard if Captain Auchmuty was in his quarters, was told by one that he had not passed out this morning, and by another that he had gone out

but returned, which left the effect nearly the same. A soldier took in his name, and was gone a long time for the house was a large one.

While waiting Malbone was obliged to observe some fifty soldiers in undress, trudging by twos, each bent beneath a half-sack of flour, followed by an officer with none, come up the road and pass in where he wished to enter. Further to diversify his leisure, shortly went by a longer string, each man bearing a truss of straw on his shoulders, which meeting in front almost hid his ugly face. Malbone again saw approaching a platoon of armed men, whom though others failed to recognize them, he at once took for king's troops.

The captain of the guard jumped to his feet, the guard themselves sprang to their arms, and forming outside cocked and levelled their heavy firelocks at the intruders. Malbone partook the alarm, and with great sang froid judiciously reined in his cavalry to flank the attack. Who goes? exclaimed a voice. Friends. I thought so, said Malbone to himself. Advance Friends and give the countersign. And to the word Ramilies an equally distinct Marlbo-

rough having responded, the array was instantly relaxed, and the strangers, who proved to be the town relief bringing home officers' clean clothes from the wash, marched in. By this time the messenger had got back, bringing for answer that the captain would be glad to see Mr. Malbone, and the reporter would show him the way.

As Malbone followed at a walk a long street of the white city, he found some of the soldiers reading, some cleaning their arms, and some combing their long hair like mermaids on a rock. With some the dinner hour was apparently passed, and many of the men were enjoying a pipe and others a siesta. But not all were thus happy, for looking to the right he saw numbers driving spade and pick, or levelling and turfing, on a line of entrenchment, and perhaps of the club-haired shirt-sleeved workers many were hidden in the ditch, or by the nearly finished work itself.

Soon he came to a drum-major giving a music lesson to some dozen *élèves*, and figuring his staff as long as himself in the air, or bringing it to a level to the end of poking a false scholar in the ribs. Further on a drill-serjeant

was teaching an awkward squad the exercise of the ratan. Here was the artillery park, with nothing greater than six-pounders, and there the regimental stables with horses picketed and smothering in nose bags, while near at hand the staff animals were sheltered under wood instead of canvas, and ate better rations out of rough mangers.

Bob, said Malbone to his horse, if you ever go into the army, I hope you will join the staff. Presently a tent standing apart from its neighbours was pointed out to him, and giving the attendant in care of his horse, he entered the thin walls to find Captain Auchmuty sitting on a low bed with a desk on his knees writing, while loose letters lay scattered beside him, and a conspicuous part of his correspondence, probably invitations to balls, parties, &c., was stuck with a fork against the tent pole.

Malbone took his seat by invitation on a bullock trunk, with a line of observation through a pair of silk stockings dangling near the ground, and in full view of a porter bottle protruding a candle-end, a coffee-cup holding a shaving-brush, and a piece of soap doing picket

with pickles, while beyond these the captain himself was seen though imperfectly. Like two men who had lately been in action together, the gentlemen made inquiries after each other's well-being. Auchmuty was never better in his life, he had been at morning-parade at six, and spent two or three hours after breakfast shooting snipe on the marsh, but there were none to be had.

And I hope, Mr. Malbone, said he, hesitating as if uncertain of the best form to give his inquiry, your domestic relations are in a state of suitable salubrity. I thank you, replied Malbone with unblushing front, Mrs. Malbone is perfectly well, the fright was soon got over.

After further dwelling, but in very indefinite forms of expression, on the event that had brought the pleasures of the night to so unforeseen an end, and which Malbone still persisted in accrediting to a defect in his chimney, the latter proceeded to the business of his visit. All his conjectures turned out right, and the explanation he brought proved not more satisfactory than necessary. Auchmuty agreed with him that intention was of the essence of

fault, and that what was not wilful did not exist at all. He was glad to decree the matter at an end, for it was unpleasant to pink any one and almost as much so to be pinked oneself, at least he had an aversion to it, which if singular he fancied might be justified by peculiarity of temperament and the constitutional character of his nerves.

Oh, it is not much, said Malbone; why, when I was a young man, I took it just under the right nipple, and it raised a mole gallery all across to the left arm, but I was well in three days. Ah, that comes of having a hard breast-bone, rejoined Auchmuty. But my medical man has often assured me that, owing to the amiable character of my mother, I have a very soft bonification, and I would not have my nipple touched on any account.

Auchmuty went on to explain that in the present state of army morals and the habits of irreflection on the part of civilians, which made two or three bottles a recipe for exposing the most useful man in the corps to great danger, he had decided to distinguish himself on the first occasion that offered, and secure at least a

brevet majority, which would fortify the comfort, and perhaps assure the expansion of life.

There is the ball at the Redwood, exclaimed Malbone with avidity, under the very eye of the Commander-in-Chief—just the opportunity you want. I have thought of that, replied Auchmuty, and am preparing to avail of its advantages—to meet Mr. Malbone there, I hope, and his example may be the best guide for me. Malbone assured him that he would not fail the rendezvous, for if the occasion was important for the captain, it also had its uses for him, and adding, as if the remark forced itself upon him, How comfortable you are! made his adieus.

Since the arrival of the forces, the entertainments by the people of fashion had been many. Madam Gibbs, if not leading the way, had followed it with a famous ball and supper, which, however, seemed cramped even in her large rooms. At first she had thought, by taking out the sashes, and cutting down the windows, at the same time bridging over the area, and nailing up the back gate, to include

the grass plat, which would certainly have danced a large number. She had received estimates from her architect with this view; but on being told that military men could not bear the open air, felt obliged to content herself with equal elegance in smaller space.

Madam Folsom's taste lay in the direction of Wednesday evening reunions, with piquet, whist, and Boston, followed by a hot supper. She usually had the famous Mr. Darby, who had penetrated the continent across the Alleghanies, and in addition to an exhaustion of funds, had caught a bilious fever at Fort Pitt. On which account the hostess always introduced him as the Martyr to Geography. Also the great statist Penguin, who had numbered all the pigs and poultry in New England, with the expectation of life according to the dining-tables. And McMoultrie, the earliest of geologists, and perhaps the best, who having discovered Chennell's deposit of bones down the cliff near Newport, and brought home specimens, at once recognised them for some ovine and bovine species, and referred

them to the late tertiary, or not long preceding historical times. These with other savans formed a good mixture with the elderly men of action, the Fabii of the British army, as Madam Folsom called them.

Madam Champlin, and the Vernon about a mile on the north road, among many others, had given most admired routs. Those who were not among the big fish, still wedged in with tea parties to inexperienced ensigns, and a few middle-class girls. Malbone's was one only of many dinner parties. Mr. Ellery in the most solid manner sent out cards for dinner three days a week, with the promise of dining every officer in the royal army present. Indeed, the preoccupations were so frequent, that it was difficult to find a free night, and some despairing people had resort to breakfasts with hortal promenades, and these proved equally novel and successful.

All this private effort, however, was to be eclipsed by the town ball alluded to by Malbone. It was a subscription affair in honour of the Commander-in-Chief and officers, to be given in the Redwood Library in Bellevue-

street. The building was spacious in plan though on one floor, with an elevation of two severe wings, and the centre a copy, though incomplete, of the Parthenon, with a blank peristyle having in bold relief choice events in Rhodian history. It had a bust of Redwood and another of Governor Gibbs, each standing on one leg, just inside the door.

The design that put every one else in a fever of delight, brought nothing but chills to Whitfield the librarian. His dog had as cross looks as himself on the occasion. The dog resembled his master so much in face, as well as in his walk, that a short-sighted lady once asked him if there was any new work by Horace Walpole in. Whitfield, however, had leave to assuage by his presence, not including his secretary, the dropping lights, reversed coffee cups, melting ices, and other effects of destructive flirtation; and if not content with this sacrifice to his feelings, must live through the joy as he could. Everybody with this exception was in a state of grand expectation, but Malbone more than others, for he intended that night to usher his obscure bride into

Newport society. The subject had its dangers and engaged all his thoughts. But he was curious to see what effect a Malbone woman would have on indifferent people or the general public, and he thought the result would gratify his self-love and marital affection.

While Malbone was labouring this idea, he was also anxious as to the first step to be taken with his intimate friends, particularly the Hartleys. It would be a bold thing to call on them at once, before a single day had recovered the first shock. But on second thoughts, what was boldest seemed also the best, for he was one to whom the part of courage generally had or seemed to have reasons to carry his choice. If they had once asked him how his wife was, and he had replied, Quite well, thank you, half the battle was won, and the first interview might be left to time and convenience. At once therefore he resolved on his course, and after leaving Auchmuty shaped his road for Whitehall.

The Doctor and his familiars were this morning in the library studying letters and papers the post had not long brought in.

While everybody was immersed in distant persons and things, Hartley suddenly asked: Can a man who has married from a defect in his chimney ever be happy?

I am just reading a letter from Doctor Fothergill, replied Fitzgibbon, and he tells a very curious story indeed. Kitty Shippen's first husband you know was Thompson, who went on a commercial voyage to the Eastern seas, and being wrecked on the Andaman Islands was reported to have been eaten by cannibals. Within a year after the news Kitty married young Waln, who, having desponding views, in six months cut his throat. She very soon wedded William Short—you all recollect Billy Brevis? who shortly after coming home one night from a dinner party tumbled up stairs and broke his neck. At this time Fothergill says the public alarm was so great in Philadelphia that people were moving away for fear of marrying Kitty. Before, however, old Bird could flutter off, it seems he was entangled, and went through the ceremony.

But coming down to breakfast the other morning, he tottered, upset his coffee and fell

into a beefsteak, with definitive results. He has left no will, but the dower and thirds are immense. But just at this moment who should appear in town again but Thompson, perfectly hearty, to find a pleasant state of things indeed! The position is this, either Thompson must consent to be eaten by cannibals, or he cannot enjoy Bird's fine fortune, which the heirs stand ready to seize the moment he has made his election not to be eaten. As the circumstance came on him rather suddenly, he at once disappeared again, as supposed under Kitty's advice, to consider what course to pursue, and now cannot be found. The whole town is in an uproar. The collaterals have offered a reward for Thompson, and filed a bill of discovery against Kitty, who, however, strongly denies that he has come back; but there are witnesses, it is said, who have seen him in town within a fortnight.

As Malbone arrived at the house, a big black dog without any turban on, lounging before the door, looked very grave at him, and Phil, taking in his name with alarming soberness, left him waiting the result it seemed over

long. How changed, thought Malbone, from only a few days since, when the first echo of my voice would have been a signal for welcome! At the sound of the name the Doctor hesitated as if the visitor were hardly a respectable person. What is to be done? spoke Fitzgibbon, himself asking the question that no one else seemed inclined to put, and immediately answering it, But one thing, show him in. Hartley gave a dissentient twitch, followed by a resigned look as of one who accepts a necessity. And shortly Malbone entered, with doubts that sanctified his expression probably more than he had wished or intended, and was received by his old intimates with a solemnity that depended less on design than circumstances. The first abord was of the stiffest, and all had been seated too long a moment before a word could be raised.

I hope you all got home safely, said Malbone.

Without accident, slowly replied the Doctor, resolved to avoid the subject uppermost in his thoughts, though seemingly running right into it. Nothing to regret but the extraor-

dinary—the painful event—which must have done injury to your—soiled your—blackened your—A trifle, a trifle, interrupted Malbone. Pictures and furnitures not hurt in the least. But I cannot tell you how much my dear Jerusha was indebted to your courage—I must say Divinity and daring, forlorn hopes and black breeches, are not often so associated

That was nothing, replied the Doctor modestly, trying to avoid emphasis, and yet too plainly pressing his concluding words. Nothing in an honest cause. It was all owing, continued Malbone, as is now apparent, and even suspected at the time, to a defect in my chimney.

Hartley threw his eyes up at Fitzgibbon, and dropped them again. He looked at the legs of the table, at the shovel, and at last settled on the rug, with the conviction that he could not say another word. Fitzgibbon was quite as powerless. Miss Hartley, deserted by her elders, felt the embarrassment of the situation. She had but an uncertain appreciation of the facts, the ground seemed dangerous, but she decided for action, and vainly contend-

ing with the fire in her cheeks, spoke: I hope Mrs. Malbone did not suffer from the alarm, and that she is well this morning.

Thank you, thank you, replied Malbone, she did not suffer, she is quite well. It seemed to him his object was very well attained. Thanks to Miss Hartley he had made a long step towards the ground of established ease, and was already grateful to his courage for a success which he thought a weak man might have missed. He passed the rest of his stay with a more jaunty air, resulting from these acquisitions, though it seemed to shed little light on the faces around him, and very soon took his leave.

## CHAPTER II.

WHILE Newport was thus immersed in gaiety, other towns were looking very sour, and busy with matters that if not so pleasant were quite as engrossing. Hawthorne, whose military practices on the opposite shore have been already alluded to, had pushed his efforts so well that he was now at the head of a good sized regiment, drawn from the neighbourhood of Warren, and Bristol, and more distant townships.

But if his patriotism excited the zeal of others, his purse also supplied them with what was more necessary. Instead of depending on

the French king or his eloquent emissary, or swelling the demands on Quarry, who unwilling to risk the capture of valuable funds, though with a plethora of past contributions, had more demands than he could attend to, being decided to attend to none, he had himself bought arms, and accoutrements. Leaving his recruits to their own resources in other respects, he had provided a large stock of shoes: this essential in soldierly movement being one in which his yeomanry were usually shockingly weak.

The country was in the throes of a general militia, though the improvised government left it in some instances to stirring citizens like Hawthorne to pay the piper; and without dwelling on what was happening in other parts, it is enough to say that an American army was now gathered to confront the royal troops on Rhode Island. It had come near the island at a point where shallow water defended the presence of the men-of-war, which guarded nevertheless the western flank, and if the native troops did not wholly cover the upper end it was because the British right reached some distance on the main. Of this army Hawthorne's battalion

formed a part, though for the moment his orders were to remain at rest, as a sort of water guard to the south of Bristol.

On the arrival of Church, he had received him with open arms, and instantly commissioned him, as the law of private levies entitled him to do, a Major in his own regiment. He further proceeded, Church being only too willing, to a speedy course of evening instruction in company and regimental drill. By aid of jack straws, and dried peas, he infected his junior with important problems. For instance, to break into columns of companies at quarter distance, to advance in echelon by the right, to extend line on the leading section, to retire by the centre, etc., and when the peas fell into disorder, he showed how to form up on the colours by using a stiff stick behind them. The pupil took to his lessons so aptly that in a few weeks or days he became a tolerable mounted officer, of great science, if little experience. He rode a good horse very well, which was esteemed an unusual if not supernatural quality, and proved at practice a good shot, which filled the measure of demonic excellence,

besides having some knowledge of ploughing, which counted a good deal with a rank and file mostly agricultural.

Hence Church's influence with the men was greater than that of some who had trained longer. But his safety greatly lay in the surrounding low estate of military art. The officers were commonly called by the men hogs on horseback; and, if not literally so, certainly some were attorneys more used to carry their noses close to the earth than bear them in a knightly manner. Or quack doctors who flourished a sword like a forceps, or intelligent carpenters who had planed their way to preferment in times when a well-reputed artizan of any kind often had high military rank awaiting his choice.

The English chief, with an outlying brigade in Tiverton, held his main body before Newport. For reasons best known to himself he declined to seek the enemy in the field, content with entrenching his position and the town by one and the same work. There was a gate on the north road which admitted country people who chose to come in, and another overlooking

Easton's beach, for those who wanted to go out as well, besides other openings. The American general also had his motive of sloth; indeed, it was said he was waiting the coming of a French fleet that had promised to work together with him. However this may be, he remained still, threatening but never striking, content with cooping up a foe in his own lines who had no wish to make aggression beyond them.

Hawthorne and Church in the off hours of duty were much together. Their mutual confidences were justified by old friendship, and also by the fact that in the crowd around them few were to be found of their own degree. They quartered together in a little grange not far from the bay shore, while their troops were hutted in old barns, stables, or houses, some at a considerable distance, or sheltered under ragged canvas nearer at hand. The military rule was lax, and indeed no other was possible. Subordination seemed the result of common opinion rather than superior will; and though the influence of the leader was great, it was sometimes unable, and at others an authority more to be treasured than used.

Regimental parade in the morning was followed or not, as captains or their commands chose, by company exercise, but the most of the hours the men spent in drinking, in talking high politics, in chewing tobacco, in horrible profanity. Habits not new to the ground; indeed the same that had always belonged to it, beyond the memory of any live colonial, even in days of peace.

Captain Papaquash was still driving private profit with public service, though of late rivals had excited his jealousy without lessening his takings. He had not got promotion, but had made a great deal of money. His incomings he regularly stowed away in the underground of a shanty he had himself put up early in the bivouack and lived in, and the pile of Spanish fivepenny bits, Portuguese pics, coppers, and even English money thus heaped up was something fabulous. The wholesale price of whiskey was great, but the retail greater, and the difference made Papaquash's fortune. He often used a squad of his men to escort barrels of the liquor of liberty from the upper country, from Bristol for instance, and the service was paid in kind. The replacement of civil rule

by military licence, had led respectable women and children, and decent men not enrolled, to cross the bay to East Greenwich, leaving their homes and moveables and crops at the will of countrymen who were not only plunderers but wanton destroyers. While all indecent people for miles round, with pedlars and traffickers of many kinds, seemed to have come to a continual holiday and perennial orgies.

I was grossly insulted on parade yesterday, remarked Church to his friend, as they strolled about midday along the water's edge, by a private in the Seekonk company. He called out from the ranks something about my father which I understood very well. I marked my man, and later in the day, knowing where to find him, took him to account. He at once said that I was his superior officer, to which I replied that he was no officer at all, but a blackguard who had no superior. He wished to know if I came to him in my civil or military capacity. I said I came in all my capacities, and as he argued that by the laws of the Congress he could not be licked except by sentence of court of inquiry, I hit him a blow harder than he expected, and followed it up by the

best refutation of his theory of immunity from a licking unless by judgment of a martial judicature.

I must confess, said Hawthorne, I have thought worse of my countrymen since these preparations began than I ever did before. They seem to have little talent but for insolence. I cannot bear such bragging; heaven-insulting men as are most of those that now surround us.

Is it not strange, said Church, that the whole genius of a people should take that direction? I am resolved, Church, replied his friend, though the plan is a secret, to come to flogging before long. They have begun it at head-quarters with good effect. I only wait to thin out Stetson's company a little, and get half a dozen stout drummers well affected, and I will give you a practical proof to surprise you.

Not to myself personally, I hope, said Church, drawing back. No, returned Hawthorne, smiling, but your first complaint shall see one of these sons of liberty, as they call themselves, tied up without regard to his own wishes. There is Papaquash—I thought I

counted in the front rank more naked toes than should be, and took a file of men to his shed in the gully. Do you doubt my character, Colonel? said he. You were probably not aware, Captain, I replied, that they were provided at my expense. At least the first fault was with the men. I found hid away in his place twenty and more new pairs of shoes. They must have represented to him a considerable value.

A few days after the friends were again at nearly the same spot about the same hour. It was in their design to pass over to Prudence, an island patch three miles across the main channel, with a crook in the middle that set over its north end to the west. Watching for several days seemed to show that the enemy had no foothold there, and though the gentlemen carried small arms and rifles, they had also field-glasses, likely to be more used. They desired to know the lay of the ships, though from the high parts of Bristol a frigate could be seen five or six miles down water, and to reconnoitre the west side of Rhode. A four-oared boat had been hired, into which they

now got, and, after a long pull against flood and wind, aborded Prudence about the middle of its length.

Leaving their boat, the young officers followed a cart-track through a low forest even from the coast. Beech-trees, maples, dwarf-oaks, and chestnuts covered the ground with a dusky scenery. Birds, at this time of day without a note, but delighting in shade and covert, rustled in the leaves or hunted their prey with a gentle pecking. Squirrels quite as still and almost as quick peered at the wayfarers overhead, and seemed to travel the country on the tops of trees.

Still there was music in the woods; for a shattering chorus of locusts constantly rose on the ear, faded into nothing, and again swelled the beating harmony, like a clacking mill that is one moment very near and the next far off. More than once they broke on a small clearing, as if entering a room lighted from the sky, whose raw piles told that woodcutters had been busy the last season. On crossing a ravine they met in the narrow bottom a silent saw-mill, with two or three empty shingle-

benches near at hand. Hereabouts pine-trees seemed to have crowded out, and in truth probably had followed another growth. The running hollow, that looked like a gloomy crooked corridor, was threaded by a little river, over which backwards and forwards a kingfisher skimmed his ghostly flight, with time enough for one to say the Lord's Prayer between his going and coming again.

Nearing the middle of the island, though by the choice of bushy lanes, they came out on a little naked moor on its highest part, for whether naturally or by misfortune, hills even in a wooded country often have a bald head. From this could be seen the steeples of Bristol and Warren, and the islands of the bay counted like stepping-stones in a brook. The roofs of buildings in Newport, as well as top spars of shipping were also in view. One of the men-of-war rode at anchor in a full tideway below Brenton's Point, between Newport and the sea. Another showed some distance above the town off Connanicut. Others were scattered in the neighbourhood midway between the south end of Prudence and an island, called Dyer's, on the

Rhode Island shore. The western slope of Rhode lay plain to the eye, and on this and below the guard-ship, appeared the cottage built, and for a while lived in, by Mr. Angel; but after his departure from a world for which he was totally unfitted, was sometimes without an indweller, and at others the abode of tenants of no kin to the first occupier.

That is the house, said Hawthorne. Nannie is sure it is a general officer lives there. Would it not be a good thing could we make a set-off to Colonel Hayne? I will think of it, replied Church.

Both the young men had an interest in the island beyond warlike designs or their ancillary projects, and therefore after a short time each was buried in his own thoughts and silent. Church, losing his proper reconnaissance, saw the garden lands of Whitehall, the lawn, the library, the library windows, and though some things before his eyes were not clear, this was not the case with an undercliff on the other side of the island, where he had last met Miss Hartley. If Hawthorne's words had turned his thoughts to the advantage of lifting a general

officer, it seemed a moment after a greater good could he run off a young lady. But alas for some time his matrimonial landscape had been thickening in shadow, and threatened soon to go out in darkness. Absent, without the privilege of written words, Nannie Dawson was the only go-between, and not a perfect conduit for the emanations of his thirsty spirit. At times she brought kind inquiries and took back kind messages; but the first were kept within the forms of friendship, and the last could not pass the same bounds.

He had for some time known that a rival was on the ground. What an unfortunate position! thought the unhappy Church, as he adjusted unskilfully his impracticable focus; to be able to see them with an optical instrument, and yet not make my presence felt. But his position was either ill described or not unfortunate, for his "long view" had nothing but darkness at the end of it. He again aimed into the opposing paysage, as if in hopes of detecting, though diminished by distance, Miss Hartley and the able engineer who was undermining him. But in vain. Nothing short of a magic mirror had

been enough for this, and Church had only an ancient field telescope, but ill adapted to descry large bodies of men, without an intervening object, and not at all to discern a small pair of lovers through the dorsal ridge of a considerable island. He still missed the little figures; and it was only left to imagine them at that moment walking beneath the fragrant limes near the mansion, or warbling together in the drawing-room.

O rage! thought the distressed young man, that I should have taken the irremediable step of banishment, without liberty of revisiting the island for a day. O folly! to surrender hopes of such a woman for jack straws and dried peas. What eccentricity to exchange felicity for fatal complicity in this monstrous humbug of war; to give to patriotism, which is a chimera, the efforts due to love, which is a reality; to attempt to establish my country before I had founded my family, when perhaps half the pains that will not overturn a political status, had worked a revolution in the breast of the only woman I can love!

If these reflections were not spoken, never-

theless they seemed to be understood by his companion, who gave all his sympathy to Church's feelings. Hawthorne, equally with Church, had been diverted from public objects, and for some time had been trying to make out the shingly cover of a large building in Thames-street, which really had no patriotic importance. At last he seemed to have succeeded in doing so.

My dear Church, said he, some men are fortunate in love, some in the end most miserable who had been most successful, and others are baulked of happiness in one direction, that they may find it in another. There are always arguments in the inscrutable future that should reconcile us to the disagreeable present. For poor human creatures, who groping in the dark often lay hold of a hurt when they think to capture a good, duty is the only load-star that can, that must, lead to happiness. Leave that to the right or the left, and we are floundering in the quicksands, if there be any in life. But, gathering from Church's dry look that the philosophical method was anything but effective, he deserted it for another.

I too have loved, he continued, with feeling that darkened remarkably his cheerful air; how truly, how justly, heaven knows! and I too have a rival where I cannot at present be. Is it possible? exclaimed Church, but you never told me, Hawthorne? It is death, he replied.

How! when? anxiously demanded his friend. It is a fortnight since I last saw Nannie, he continued. I hope no ill has waylaid her—but this news wants no messenger. I have already here all that she could bring me. The tie of human hearts would tell little, if it could not tell that. One cannot be freed and the other not know it, for you know we are spirits —true spirits, never forget that. I doubt, he added, but in a tone so careless that Church hardly gave meaning to it, or thought he did himself,—if I shall reach camp alive, indeed I am sure I shall not.

Yes, said Church, but we must not anticipate ill. You are depressed, Hawthorne, and see the worst because it is the worst. It may be, he replied, or rather it may not be. I tell you the simple truth, my friend. But why should it surprise you?—is this the greatest of mys-

teries, or rather is it not the least? At this moment, under that roof, the spirit that was to me all that life can give, is winging its flight to the unseen bourne.

It is fancy, persisted Church; it is anxiety working on your imagination has pressed its own image too strongly. It is truth, he replied, not even its image. But who knows not that this world is fleeting and worthless because fleeting?—not I at least. But if joy is vain, grief is more unreasonable, and thus speaking he buried his face in his hands.

Church was fairly appalled at the unlooked-for turn the conversation had taken, and still more at the spectacle of suffering before him. He was pitiful but silent; for there was something about Hawthorne's sorrow that forbade words. His constantly genial manners had always marked him as the most impassive or the happiest of men, and the change showed the severity of the stroke, either imagined or that had really fallen on him. For several days Church had noted something unusual in his mien, but if not accounted for it had been forgotten. It now recurred to him that Hawthorne

had been more thoughtful, and on this morning, had his comrade been another, he should have thought him weighted not by business but by some cause for sadness.

Church had been disappointed with others at the long interval in Nannie's presence. She brought him tidings from the island, even from Whitehall, which however uncomfortable he greedily listened to. She told him of his old home. Instead of being in the hands the law had given it to, fortune had delayed the profanation. A good many of his young relations on the lawn, coevals, or of generations posterior to himself, had been cut down by soldiers, but the old trees were spared. The house was lived in by a Brigadier and a host of officers; and as long as the old wine lasted it was thought the right wing would hold its ground, for though the position was an exposed one, the general in command constantly reported that it had important advantages.

Nannie had other clients. For instance, Madame Cushing's lady's maid, with a moral affection for arbitrary principles of govern-

ment, more due to habit and association than her own judgment perhaps, combined a physical attachment to a young man in the rebel force, which was purely the conclusion of her natural faculties. She found in Nannie what completed, as well as untoward circumstances would admit, the chain of sensation. And to show to what a height of impudence this comparatively innocent age had attained, at least one American Colonel had ordered a pair of new breeches of Wheeler in Thames-street, and sent his old ones for a model; and the usual carrier had done the business to and fro with full success, even to leading Wheeler to give the patriot credit for the leathers.

Whether poor Nannie had been upset, in crossing the water, like a squirrel, on a piece of bark with his tail for a sail; for none could tell how she made the transit, and some supposed it must be something after that pattern; or entangled in the outposts on one side, or turned by the hostile lines on the other—either likely, for her character hovered between friends in both parties, and often perplexed herself by

its double or changing face—was uncertain, but her absence was felt like a protracted failure of the mail or an embargo on news.

As Church and Hawthorne retrod their steps towards the landing-place, the latter found again his usual bearing. At last they were again embarked and pulled for the open water. He became even more himself when, their little barque having got from well under the land, the interest of all was excited by one of the men suddenly drawing attention to a boat on the starboard quarter. It might be a market boat, for the bay commerce in green groceries was brisk, and the town as well as the ships were kept well supplied, particularly by water. The traders were also the producers and at the same time patriots, who on shore indignantly denounced those who comforted the enemy, and then quietly stowed their fresh vegetables aboard, and with papers for Bristol, Providence, or other lawful points, dropped down with a tide alongside a floating village, or even Newport itself.

Hawthorne went to work at once to make out the stranger, and the scrutiny was not long

before the first conjecture proved wrong, and he announced to his companions an eight or ten oared cutter, close in-shore, but heading as if to cut them off. She was rather more than a mile distant, with a strong ebb running, but how soon this space might be inconveniently lessened or annihilated altogether, before they touched the friendly land, was a problem more nice than inviting.

The prospect of captivity or worse was as little cheering to his command as to himself. But the danger was threatening. His first care, and that an instant one, was to alter the course a point to the north, which increased their speed and had other advantages. He next proceeded to overlook his pocket-book and pockets, advised Church to do the like, and at last sank his papers. Already the boat seemed to be gaining on them. Examining his pistols, and quickly loading two rifles, Hawthorne replaced them on the seat beside him. At his word the willing men stretched to their work with resolution, rather helped than otherwise by a musket-shot across their bows, which was seen to ricochet several times

and then bury itself, though at a considerable distance.

Church, already boat-steerer, proposed to take his turn at a row bench, and relieve at least one of the tired men. No, said Hawthorne, as he laid his hand on the tiller, try to rig a square sail. What wind there is, is well aft, and will help us more than them, and they think so, for they have not hoisted sail yet. But he had hardly done speaking when a lugger foresail crumpled and dragged and then spread on the advancing boat.

As it happened there was provision on board for what was wanted, and ready at the call, Church, armed only with a jack knife, had in a few moments cut away the hanks of his small fore and aft, bent the sail with a running roband through eyelets his knife made, slung the boom by its middle, and, stepping the mast far forward, clewed down his pocket-handkerchief of a course, with good effect on their progress. While this was taking place the danger was growing more critical. The hostile fire instead of being longer a mere threat or command, now seemed aimed directly for attack,

but happily still out of range. Hardly, however, had Church shown his canvas than the other furled his, for with his wind probably too much before the beam, his intentions had changed.

Church now took the oar from one Barnbury by name, and Barnbury, released from one duty, was directly ordered on another, namely, to clear the stern chasers for action. Accordingly he proceeded to work the two long guns alternately. As well as Hawthorne could perceive, or at least on Barnbury's report, his fire out-reached the enemy's, though still short of its mark. At last it seemed to be knocking up the water very near him, which led Barnbury to indulge in comparatory remarks on the advantages of a dropping delivery over the horizontal, when out of point-blank distance. He even elevated the muzzle of his piece and depressed his breech, as it seemed to Hawthorne, greatly in excess of his own theory, but the effect could not be marked.

Not so with the next reply, for suddenly a spent ball came tumbling in board, happily without mischief, but with a palpable bounce

on the flooring, and at the event Barnbury let himself down flat on his back on the grating in the stern sheets. To Hawthorne's inquiry whether he was hurt and where, he directly affirmed that the shot having entered his mouth he had swallowed it, and consequently was hors du combat, and would not be able to take any further part in the engagement. He was lying on a keel line, with his eyes wide open, and legs a little raised, quartering the stern locker, with an appearance of florid health truly extraordinary in an individual so badly wounded. This prompted Hawthorne to say, You don't groan at all. Whereupon Barnbury instantly rolled out what certainly answered the conditions of a groan, and might even have been taken for a bellow. The fire that was silenced on the one side now ceased on the other, but the pursuer with the quick short stroke of a man-of-war's boat was fast overhauling them.

There was as little time for remonstrance as for examining Barnbury's body, and leaving him to his fate, Hawthorne thought only of encouraging his remaining hands. Lay out

men, he cried, one spell more and we are safe: I see friends on shore ready to help us. The faces livid with exertion showed an increased strain, and the bending oars, that already worked with power, pulled the heavy water with fresh strength. Church, who had the stroke oar, cheered his fellow-benchers, who were spurred no less by the fast-coming danger than by the hope of speedy escape. The land was fast getting nearer, while the enemy, hitherto on the quarter, was now forging abeam, still keeping off but threatening in a few moments to touch yard-arms.

Boat ahoy! are you a rebel? shouted a strange voice. Yes! returned Hawthorne, with some effort to his lungs. Cheerly, men, cheerly! Raise tack and sheets and peak your oars, will ye! was next heard, certainly in an angry tone and one that seemed to have vengeance behind it. No! shouted back Hawthorne equally loud but with less despair than defiance. But just then having recourse to a well-timed manœuvre, he put his helm hard down, bringing her broadside on, with effect to leave his adversary more completely uncovered to some of Stetson's

men, whom without recognising them he saw on the beach.

The word was but an instant spoken, when a merciless bullet struck him on the side of the head, and he fell over on his front senseless. Church rushed aft, setting his oar adrift in his hurry, and his companions not less confused were equally faithless, but the boat still kept head way. At this instant the crack of half-a-dozen rifles, one after the other but in quick following, from the now neighbouring land, had a singular effect on the foe. He faltered in his course when within a few yards of his disabled prey, and the next moment wore ship, and going free with a quartering ebb soon shot out of harm's way.

Church had by this time raised Hawthorne in his arms, only to find to his great grief, and that of all present, that life was gone. The case was beyond all surgery, and likewise it seemed beyond consolation, for Church felt he had lost the man he most admired, perhaps the friend in life he most valued, the youthful companion loved by him at college, and equally so in manhood.

## CHAPTER III.

THE mischance of Hawthorne's death was regretted by others besides Church. He was one of mark among the young men of the time, not more by his family and position, than personal qualities, which do not always follow race and still less position. His zeal in the public cause had all the marks of virtue about it. His clear disinterested spirit impressed very strongly men who were inordinately selfish and cunning. His speech, direct and simple, seemed a beautiful refined weapon among the hacking hangers that fenced with right and honesty around him. Nature had

given him a just mind, and he had the old-country habit of speaking truth. His open candid manners proportionably delighted those who hid beneath a close exterior the meanest motives of which human nature is ashamed. His modesty seemed a delicate virtue to the self-trumpeters who were so fond of music. In short, he was one formed to be loved of those who knew him; and there were few families among the best in different parts of the country who knew him not, if not in person at least by name.

At an early stage of the war he had been prayed by the General Knox to become one of his Aids. General Greene had urged on him a like offer. At a later day, Sumpter, in the south, whose younger brother had been a college mate of Hawthorne's, knowing his qualities and the zeal with which he had equipped himself with military knowledge, pressed him to take partisan service with him. For though without experience, he missed what very few possessed. At this day Pulaski perhaps, of American officers, had most experience of war. But these offers Hawthorne

declined, choosing to stay with his own people, whom he likened in nothing else perhaps but the will to resist and the wish to throw off the yoke of foreign government.

He was deeply regretted by Captain Papaquash, and with cause. The first night the Colonel's dead body lay at his quarters, there was a dreadful riot in camp which defied all control, and particularly a new rule. At the close of day a great number of militia-men had assembled at Papaquash's, and as the evening advanced the crowd increased. Papaquash thought that he had not for many a day done so enormous a business; but the pleasing profit was the prelude to wholesale loss. The quarrelling and disorder, the free drinking and noise, were attractive, and by degrees all the camp-sentries and outposts came in to assist at the revel. The officers, who had with some effort kept the main-guard in hand, at last marched to quell the disturbance. But the guard were forthwith set upon, and taking to flight, after their array was completely broken, returned individually to fraternize with the evil-doers. Flushed with a first victory, the

rioters bethought themselves of another, and shoving poor Papaquash, in spite of his loud cries and desperate hold, out of his own back-door, went straight to a free distribution of his liquors on the just plan of every one helping himself. This was hardly begun before it was followed by an equally fair dissemination of the treasure laid up in Papaquash's cave.

Papaquash, in a state of misery and palpitation that cannot be fitly described, still held by his affections, and still lingering near his property, though at great risk to his mortal existence, hid himself in a prone position under the cabbages in his patch. Soon, however, the wrath against him burned fiercer than ever, for the sharing of the specie had discovered several bad sixpences and other false tokens that could be bent with the teeth. The cry of fraud blowing revenge already smouldering in the breasts of men who had parted his goods and particularly his coin, they who had been most able or lucky in the scramble began pricking with bayonets the leguminous shrubbery or whatever else might afford retreat for the wrong-doer. Papaquash, early apprized

by his senses of the new turn in the drama, had picked himself up betimes and running fast, sought and found the Bristol road. Along this he urged his course with little falling-off in speed, and at daylight entered the town a melancholy ruined man.

It was some time before Hawthorne's death reached his friends at Newport, for though the killing of an American officer became noised about, his identity was not established. This failure was owing perhaps to Nannie's default, not blameable but thus accounted for. In crossing of a dark night, by the simple means of a plank and paddle, for it will be conceived unaccounted boats were not allowed on either side, the mouth of Taunton River swollen by up-country showers, her frail dependence misbehaved itself. First one end and then the other turned down stream, and at last both yielded to a career which no amount of paddling could stop.

After a time a sudden jolt against some unseen obstacle jolted Nannie into the water. She was a good swimmer, but her plank freed of its burden a better or at least more speedy

one, and her best efforts failed to overtake it. The question of which coast it was better to land on was unimportant, or at any rate unseasonable, for the strait now widening and the current stronger, either was difficult and both impracticable. She knew enough, however, of maritime topography to ground the hope that the tide would sweep her towards one of the islets though distant which caught to the west the impulse of the voiding bay and rivers. This it did, and later in the night she touched foot on Rose Island. She had passed the men-of-war unobserved, though not very near, as a feather may float by a castle.

Rose Island had on it few or no roses, but a great many blackberry bushes. Chilled and wet, Nannie's thoughts were not of the most cheerful, but the principal or most useful of them was, that if the tide had brought her there, the tide would take her back. About three o'clock the moon rose, and the ghastly landscape looked on the pale waters. Nannie was bound to avoid Newport, or any pointbut the lonely riparian whence she had set out. For if seen she might easily be taken for a

strange fish, or readily condemned as a too familiar spy. Instead of a needle-case she had in her pocket a knife, and hunting about in the bushes she cut a blackberry stem six yards long, and holding one end tempted the tide with the other.

The set was already decided and very strong. Refreshed with a few berries not very ripe nor very good, and thinking of Nyantick, who after a winter spent at Manhaddoes, with a price on his head, and Pequots abroad on his own territory, had swum on a single tide from Judith to Bristol, she gave herself to the briny carriage, for which she was a light burden. She met no travellers, for indeed everything was going the same way with herself. The sun was for some time up when she grounded, with a long train and trimmings of marine weeds, small shell-fish of the snail form sticking by suction here and there to her limbs, and a young crab holding by one of her toes, on the shore which would give her a solid foot-path home. First, the reverent creature fell on her knees to make a small thanksgiving, and her next thought was of quenching thirst and hunger in her own

house. It was some weeks before her clothes dried, or at least ere her recollections got rid of a too lasting wetness, and as long, though her services were greatly missed, before she chose to resume a task liable to such dangers.

While Hawthorne and Church had thus been sighting Newport from a distance, they could not be aware of what was passing within it. On the same day, not long before the hour they had touched on the soil of Prudence, Miss Hartley attended by Phil had reached town from her home. At the end of Thames-street, towards which she bent her steps, in Seixas's house, in a room already described, lay a sufferer for whom weakness was doing its worst. Her illness if not unaccountable was unexplained, but its course had been speedy. True to friendship at a time of life when friends are what they should be, Miss Hartley was now more faithful that its end seemed near. She clung to qualities that attached all that were or would be like themselves, and cherished an example to which she owed something of her own goodness perhaps, and fancied she owed

more. Loving Leah Seixas in health and strength, how much more now that fatal sickness was to make her love a blank! If the harsh ills of Leah's fate had always touched her, how much harsher did they seem when about to end for ever!

Arrived at the gate of Seixas's desolate warehouse, with the help of Phil she made good her way into the court. A modest tap at the counting-house door was followed by a hoarse Come in, and obeying this she stood with her follower in presence of several persons perched on high stools at higher desks, each bent over some work his pen was doing before him. She turned from one to another, but no head was raised to greet her or answer her wants. She had too often met with this treatment, in the same spot, to be surprised or moved at it. I have been mistaken, thought she, this is what I am entitled to; it is others who are too kind to me. At last a forbidding face, with dislike at the interruption, turned and looked at her as if to ask her will, but the glued lips uttered no sound. May I see Leah? said Miss Hartley. The silent personage, still

without speaking, rolled off his stool, and passing through a door was gone for a moment, when he came back to ask, Did you not see her yesterday? It was the day before, said Miss Hartley. Well, continued the clerk, I am to say thirty minutes and not a moment more. It lacks ten minutes to one, he added, looking at a tall time-piece that stood in a corner. Miss Hartley bowed and took her way to the sick chamber, leaving Phil to wait her return in the counting-house.

As his mistress went out of the door, Phil felt a slight tremor at being left alone with people whom he verily believed to belong to a different department of the animal kingdom from himself. The grave demeanour was near to being mingled in his mind with wickedness or malicious designs. The silence, over which the tickings of the clock ruled like a funeral bell, distressed him. He looked to be devoured by dulness, if not overcome by other evil, but resigned himself, as people will, to what is inevitable, even to be devoured. And dressing himself against the wall, prepared to await, in a position that could not be made

other than irksome, the lapse of the time he would have no power to shorten.

The white-washed walls were hung with a map of the Gold Coast, another of the British Islands, a picture of port signals, and a larger one of flags of all nations. Amongst these Phil's eye soon caught a glazed print of a rakish brig or barque with very tall masts, crowded with canvas, as if making speedy way whatever her destination. But he turned from it with instinctive horror, for there were signs about the vessel that spoke of the middle passage and human merchandise. In truth, it presented one of several, belonging to the same owner, engaged in a traffic not then contraband of human laws, though in many breasts it excited shame — shame that had not yet mounted the brazen bulwarks of commerce or won the stony hearts of statesmen.

I never seed a dog treat Missy in that ar way, spoke Phil to himself; poor Miss Leah too, how she cum here, how they bred she, how they got she, its umpossible to say. Sartain sure they sins with a cart rope, as the prophet Jerry says, in reference to the wery

bad treatment that young lady receipts for. But they is Jews! Well, I'se obligated to denounce my conwiction if as how I was a Jew I'd make my deprecations to be a——.

Whether Phil's lively thoughts had taken the form of smothered words, or his last decision produced an emphasis in action, for he flapped his hat on his knee, at the same time changing his legs, is uncertain; but something, where the slightest sound was remarkable, roused the attention of one of the writers. A cold grey eye turned on Phil, while the owner uttered the words, You had better wait outside. Whats say? replied Phil, as his face warmed at again hearing a voice, and particularly his own. I say, continued the first speaker, Mr. Seixas says you had better wait outside: I do not mean the court, but the gate.

This inhospitable request had been enough to draw a wet blanket over Phil's features, but a glance at the face whence it came had already produced the greatest effects to be expected from moist woollens. Cut to the quick, he made a humble obeisance, in which grace and sorrow strangely consorted, and

passing through the door donned his hat and walked towards the gate.

Here it seemed to him was only a barren prospect, a middle term between urban and rural scenery, the houses retreating on the one side and fields on the other. The glassy face of the water reflected the sun's hottest rays. Two wooden piers jutted out into it, but on either side the wavelets broke on a natural beach. A dirty-looking schooner was discharging boxes of sugar, which already formed an imperfect parallelogram on the wharf, while another vessel if doing anything was sleeping, with all on board of her. Two or three sailors were boiling tar on the sand, while twice as many reprobates played scutch-pot with chips of wood. An old woman, who had given up her helm to pleasure, and not kept a good look-out if any at the prow, was grounded on the wharf-sill with her face looking towards Seixas's gate, while a population of flies seemed to be making like use of it that the bees did of Samson's lion.

Mother Nature had originally laid Phil in the lap of civilization and since nursed him

amid domestic interiors, and thus given him a kitteny disposition that revolted at the rough and low. In reward for his long privation he now began talking to himself: It ar not on my own account by no means. Of course I'se a dog, and direckly specks to be treated as sich. I knows my lot and means to lump it. That's percisely it. I'se got a riglar bone in my heart and can bear it. It's part of the divine anonomy it would ill become a feelonious immortal to be fractious agin. I means to be civil to everybody, and if folks ar'nt civil to me, why so much the wuss for them nor has no practikle idears of refinement. But for the delicate sex, he continued, as his eye surveyed the frowsy bacchanal over the way, what shall I say? Poor girl, how she sleeps! The vay they treats vimen ar heart rendin! I only vishes Miss Leah wur in heaven, and I guess my missus wouldn't pay mornin calls among pitch pots and sich marine critters.

Miss Hartley had wound her way along loaded floors, until mounting the stairs that led to Leah's chamber, she met Juba, at this time without his mate, seated on the landing.

In his task of keeping watch near his mistress' door, Juba had chased the hours in repeated rounds, and counted the roaches as they went down stairs in long procession at night to drink molasses; and comparing the result with the populace that returned, was able to tell the numbers that had died of surfeit or were too ill to take the home journey. Even with this he felt the irksomeness of letting his mind run to waste, and therefore was knitting.

Juba, said Miss Hartley, how is dear Leah today? Ah Miss, he answered, as he pulled his ball out of her way, Missus ar as bad as ever was. Poor soul, what can I do for she—coffin, coffin all night long! I sees as plain as can be. O dear Missus! Tabby nusses her like a baby. Has anybody been with her today? asked Miss Hartley. Rabbi, he replied, was a readin the prophets to her arter office opened this mornin. He says she is a good Jew, but it wont save her. An the doctors is wid her now, an they is'nt gwine to do it nother.

What is this? inquired Miss Hartley. Ah, replied Juba, with a pleased air, that ar a

slave trader. I cotched him a turnin the corner last night,and eggsecuted him as it wur a strikin five this mornin. I stucks the needle right through him, though he did kick powerful. He told me he wur one of massr's cap'ns, but sot up for hisself. The poor slave trader, or his representative, whom Juba's midnight imagination had invested even with speech, was yet showing cruel signs of life on top of what must have seemed to him a very long pike.

O, said Miss Hartley, you should not be cruel to insects. I'se not neber cruel to nobody, said Juba, with trust in the truth of his assertion. There's a good many more of them; I knows them by the cart-whip a stickin out of their coat pocket. O for shame! rejoined Miss Hartley; that is a wing, though it does look something like what you say. But knowing the strength of negro delusion, and their belief that the souls of their tyrants migrate after death into the most abhorred of vermin, she left him without dispute and approached the door.

As she came nearer this, the doctors, Mann,

Hazard, and Cornwall, were just leaving the room, but their leaden faces showed but too plainly that there was no hope. Their feelings seemed striving to keep professional decorum, and to do so with difficulty. In passing they looked at Miss Hartley, and yet seemed not to recognize her. She paused, even retreated, and withdrawing to where she would not be observed, made company of her own thoughts until they had gone.

The physicians having met for a consultation, often forerunner of the last ill, and so in this case, walked slowly to the end of the large floor, where an uncased window gave moderate light to the weavers and spinners that ply their factories in undisturbed corners. Arrived at the window, Dr. Cornwall looked through it and then said—That was a great price Cookey got at the coffee-house last night. Nothing wonderful, replied Hazard; I know five years ago he refused a thousand guineas. Population swelling so, said Dr. Mann, ye see property will rise enormously.

The old cock has got a nice estate here, resumed Cornwall, as he perked himself up

against the window-panes to see as far as he could into the yard,—hasn't he. Cut up well —wouldn't it? Dr. Cornwall then pulled out his watch, and poising it on his hand, continued, I have got a beautiful femoral aneurism at three, will you come?

Thank you—your politeness, said Dr. Mann. I am dancing a lady. Knocked me up last night at half-past two without any need, and I expect to be called six times more without any use. Besides, I have got two rich gouts that will take an hour at least. Hazard's your man. No, said Hazard, shaking his head, I have a low fever that is more bother than worth. O, said Dr. Cornwall, laughing, nothing worse but poor-house practice, certainly. Here there seemed a common will to adjourn; and recovering the solemn faces they had laid aside, the gentlemen marched slowly down stairs, leaving the admiring looks of Juba behind, but giving no signal as they passed.

Miss Hartley, after delaying outside longer than anything but her grieving thoughts required, found the patient lying, with as much comfort as Tabby's skill could yield, before a

south window that showed the ocean. Sleep after some hours had come again, and, like his friend and relative death, brought a respite of pain. She took her seat, without observing or at least speaking to Tabby, and was lost for some moments in looking at the countenance of her friend. Never so happy, never so beautiful, she said to herself. O could I die like this! She now turned to Tabby; but Tabby's rugged head resting on both elbows was intently eyeing the same features.

Miss Hartley had come prepared as usual to inquire of comforts or luxuries, whether Leah's father by himself or others were attentive to her wants—as indeed he had been since her serious illness, and though seldom visiting and never staying long in the room, for he was incapable of conversing with his own child, he had lately shown signs of grief that might answer for affection,—whether the physician and the priest had been constant to duty. But some expression in the face, more touching than she had ever seen in mortal sister before, turned her from these subjects, and caused her to dismiss them as unimportant.

She then recurred to the pain that had been present at times, and was on the point of asking Tabby, whether the night like others had been suffering; when the same expression or other like it told more plainly than words could, that pain was of no consequence, and not worth the inquiry. Her thoughts next dwelt on the design of Providence in affixing such grace of body and mind to a lot that would seem pitiless to much commoner endowments; but here again the face interposed to confirm an instant belief in the goodness of things as they were.

Baffled at every turn, her mind fell back on itself, and thoughts prompted by no outward circumstance troubled her. Had she always been kind and true as the love of such a being deserved? Favoured herself by friends and fortune, had she reverenced the virtue that had no earthly supports? Had she valued at its price the friendship that included more than earthly favour? Looking through glistening eyes at the sleeping face, it gave a new meaning that would defend her from herself. But at the instant a slender silvery voice, dis-

tant but yet distinct, rang on her ear—Meet me in heaven, I am content.

Miss Hartley turned away with her heart and mind confused but not distressed. Tabby, said she, who has been here to-day? The good Rabbi, replied the other, was here early this mornin, an the Doctors, but since then—— Who has been here? repeated Miss Hartley. Her angel, said Tabby. O good woman, said Miss Hartley, bewildered and yet conscious that her mind had never distinguished more clearly than now—inclined to refuse what was improbable, but conquered by a conviction that nothing was more likely to be true—tell me, dear Goody, now truly what you mean.

Miss, said Tabby, in clear narrative quite unusual with her, I wur went to dat side ob de room, and wur wexin wid the string o' the jar, an had went to git my scissors, which I is'nt not able to find nowheres neber, and walks straight to the table where I sees a knife, an comes back with that ar to cut the string, an puts some jelly like on a plate. I has my back a turned for dree minutes or more. I looks agin agwine to take her the plate, when I

sees a sittin in de clar o' the sunshine, just dere, in that wery cheer, a beautiful creature, her dress ob the purest white you never seed, a sparklin like snow, an wery soft wings that glittered in the sunlight just rising over de solders—her sweet look wur a fixed on Missy Leah. Miss, you dinks that ar ar beautiful, but it warnt no more to tother nor I be's to Missy. Well, I stays stock still a lookin at her. I looks at her for a long while. I never seed any thing so clar for many a day. Dere she wur still a lookin lubley at Missy, when one arm wur a risin an one finger a pinted up jest so. I looks up to see what wur above her, and when I looks down it wur gone.

Miss Hartley's thoughts swayed to and fro painfully. It seemed easy to believe, and that way lay composure, but with rising doubts her comfort left her. At last the sleeper awoke, refreshed by her slumber, but still in the last stage of weakness. But if the body was waning, at least the mindwas never more itself, for it lit up the countenance with rare brightness, with a dignity that seemed more than earthly. Her eyes rested full on Miss

Hartley, while she faintly uttered, Believe, believe all things,—it is only these are shadows.

Her gaze was still fixed on Miss Hartley, but like twilight every moment growing dimmer. Speech was now out of her power, but it seemed not needed to give her meaning. Her looks lingered in the way to the door. She wants somebody called, whispered Miss Hartley. I knows it, said Tabby; it is Juba; and going outside she summoned her husband. It seemed she was right, for the old man met a look full of welcome and thankfulness.

Again she demanded a new-comer. It is her father, said Miss Hartley; is he at home? But ere the question was answered, her eyes turned to the window, with an effort as if she would search into the open country. It was plain to Miss Hartley that she now yearned for Nannie Dawson. It may have been so, but perhaps also for one who was more to her than Nannie Dawson, who filled her mortal affection, and within the present hour had given her example or would follow her own. Dearest, said Miss Hartley, I know not where

to find her, she may be a long way off, God will care for her.

Juba had run to the further side of the room to put out of view feelings he could no longer restrain. He was grieving hysterically and feared to disturb his betters. A number of hitching sobs, however, overleaped his effort, to be succeeded by others more sonorous and exact. He was followed by Tabby, and there they mingled their sorrow, with gestures of woe and a good deal of its peculiar noises. But more than this they were fond to each other, for each seemed to the other a tie that bound them to her they were losing. And so did to Juba a phrase he had often used to his mistress, and he now kept repeating in tones of agony strangely discordant with the words, Missy'll be so wealthy when ole man die. O Juba, said Tabby, while scalding tears leaped slowly across the furrows of her cheeks, ole man neber die, Missy die direckly. Miss Hartley beckoned their approach, for Tabby's last words were true. The changing woman looked on each with equal love, but her last regards

seemed to rest on Miss Hartley's face—a slight struggle and the spirit had left its house.

As Miss Hartley passed through the office in returning, the clerk who had given her leave to make this visit, and had set too short a limit, placed himself in her way to say, Miss, it is now twenty minutes to three. Your time was up at half-past one. You will please be punctual, or Mr. Seixas will not like it. It is the last time, said Miss Hartley, and burst into tears. The man of business, as little used to tears as to smiles in his mill-horse sort of life, was frightened at this natural event and slunk away, leaving Miss Hartley room to pass, which she quickly did, through the door on her way to the gate. Phil, said she, it is all over.

Phil directly began a self-recriminatory chapter with the words, O missus, I'se so wicked! but it ended where it began, or was unattended to by Miss Hartley.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE preparations for the ball at the Redwood had been going on for some time on a large scale. The managers, who had chosen themselves on account of their good qualifications, had some of them been at Paris, more in their younger days had seen English tea-gardens, all were men whose minds had been improved by reading, and they resolved, with an extraordinarily liberal subscription, to produce an extraordinary result.

With a view to protect native industry, the orders for cold chickens, for boned turkeys,

hams and rounds of beef, and even ices and jellies, were distributed in the town or its neighbourhood. But the contract for sponges and queen-cake, maccaroons, trifles, for secrets with entirely new distiches, for the works of high confectionary, such as King George and thirteen royal children in candy, the arms of thirteen provinces round a four-foot pound-cake, a large sugar gun, carriage and tumbril complete, with the motto: Dieu est toujours du coté de la grande artillerie—the contract for these, and a large one it was, was given to the house of Goodfellow of Philadelphia. The house had instructions to charter a sloop, rather than shake things to death by land carriage, for delivery in good season, that is to say, ten days beforehand, at Newport. In that day of great distances, the country less cleared and climate damper, things kept fresher than now. This they did; but the sloop was detained so long, as it was thought by head winds in the Delaware or contrary breezes afterwards, that the day for the ball arrived before her.

This delay in the appearance of things on

which the ball absolutely turned as a centre, induced a feeling of doubt passing into dismay. When only a week remained, the managers were struck with chills, and went about town in a chattering way which excited pity, and indeed the public were almost as much concerned as themselves. Another and another day gone, and no tidings of the dilatory coaster, some persons wished that prayers should be put up in Trinity; but Doctor Hartley objected that there was no prayer for sponge-cake in the Liturgy, and, of course, the thing was impracticable. It was feasible to offer prayers for the safety of persons at sea; yet it was obvious that everybody was thinking, not of the unfortunate crew, but of the endangered kickshaws, and he for one would not be a party to such double dealing. And besides, suppose their prayers answered, the lives might be saved, and the luxuries lost, a very appropriate result; but the very reverse of what they wished, and, of course, it would leave them as cruelly disappointed as ever.

This failing, it was then proposed to have recourse to the higher powers; and some able

ladies first hinted, then suggested, and finally pressed a measure, which seemed not less striking than impossible. The Commander of the Forces, however, could not refuse his good offices with the Admiral; and the latter, whose name was Coffin, and very accessible to everybody, though caring little for the views of the army, was never able to resist female pressure. In his sea divinity, the gentleman with a split foot was always on the side of women. But not wishing to make himself unpopular in a place where the dinners were many, and particularly good, he consented to send one of his light vessels on a cruise to look-up the missing sloop, with orders, if meeting her water-logged, or otherwise disabled, to tranship cargo, and leave her with promise of further assistance.

The man-of-war accordingly put to sea; but returned in forty-eight hours with the report that nothing could be heard of the cakes and candy, but he had seen the French fleet, very far off, and directly thought of coming back to say so. The contrariety was great in proportion as the hopes had been confident. Some thought that if the brig had not been distracted

by the sight of the French fleet, she might have discerned what she was sent to descry, and that a second trial would be sure to encounter the right object. But the Admiral was glad to have her back, and denied peremptorily, not in the best humour, all further experiments; for what would the Lord say to him if he should discover their d—— gingerbread, and lose his fast-sailing vessel?

Nevertheless, the ball was not put off. Four days before the appointed time the managers came to a vote that had something of military decision about it. They reasoned in this way: Goodfellow has failed us, but there shall be no vain regrets; the event shall still come off; we will supply ourselves at home just as if no such contract had been made. If in the interval his vessel arrives, we will give another ball, and throw ourselves on the Commons for an Act of Indemnity. In consequence, the trades of Newport received new orders very pressing, but which seemed more than a deliberate doubling of the first. To supply the great pieces at urgency, ices were moulded in chimney-pots, and calves-foot cooled in fire-

buckets, and though the implements were kept secret the effects were very much admired.

In the event the slow sloop did not drop in at any time. By accounts several weeks afterwards, it appeared that having chosen the inside passage, and her guy breaking, the great boom swung over, and she was left churning her cargo in the pot at Hellgate, with little chance of ever changing the rotary motion for a straight line. In time, however, she did escape only to plunge into another misfortune. To obviate risks that were possible if not likely, the master had been counselled to avoid all bravado, and affect rather the Paulian principle of being all things to all men or all vessels; and to enable him to adapt his hues to changing occasions, they had provided him with French colours as well as English. Meeting a French frigate just as he was in a very heavy state, having as it was thought made free with the goodies on board, he ran up the cross instead of the lilies, and of course was directly laid aboard. The French officers, no less pleased than astonished at the rare capture, after re-entering Sandy-hook, gave several select balls,

and even small dinner-parties, before the stock got very stale or seemed much diminished.

With all this obstruction, the great night came at last and the ball with it. All that wax and whale oil could diffuse of the beautiful element was shed across the street at the entrance, along the carpeted corridor, though softened by colour, and blazed out like the sun of noon-day in the dancing and card rooms. All that flowers, and plants in pots, and even in square boxes, could do was effected to turn the palace of dulness into a domain of pleasure. Two lines of orange trees or exotic shrubs began at the street, and gradually closing, according to the rules of perspective, met in a small Boscobel under the roof, whence verdant alleys led to tiring rooms on either hand and to the *salle de danse* in front. In the latter, pictures and mirrors, sconces and chandeliers, with thousands of crystal drops, hung in green festoonery relieve d wit cabbage roses and pumpkin flowers. The chalked floor, with all kinds of figures except human, had been as long in painting as an historical picture, and a wide bridge thrown by the engineers

across projecting book-cases, held high flutes and loud recorders and the list of dance-music for the night.

To the rear of the building, a temporary appendage, dressed with the flags of all nations, and almost large enough to hold the nations themselves, made a spacious supper-room, having the entrance devised at one end through a broad though devious passage. Here the woods began again: this time hung with little yellow lamps, and stirred with falling water and the song of canary birds, who had been hired to sing and did as was required of them. There were other lean-tos intended for various purposes. But Avis Mumford's small house in a back street, on a diagonal to the supper-room, had been taken for a kitchen or warehouse of reception, since the extemporized salon would not be completed many hours or moments before it would be wanted.

The sumptuousness of the eatables known to be stored in the one, and to be passed across the open to the other, naturally attracted a crowd. The bowls of chicken salad, the *dindons glacés*, and many other articles,

resembled worldly happiness done up in small parcels, and it was a problem how felicity so portable would affect a populace remarkably sensitive to stomachic elixirs. Lest the odours that were sure to fill the air should excite to sudden passion or an uncontrollable frenzy of acquisition, the way was lined with several night watchmen, themselves watched by a larger number of day constables. The latter were held in hand by a platoon of Newport Fencibles; it being arranged that the volunteers should be overawed by a popular colonel of militia in undress, and himself observed at short intervals by one of the directors. Out of this multiplication of human weakness, it was hoped to extract safety for the supplies; and in the event, with the exception of a committee-man who was seen secretly licking his fingers, and another heard smacking his mouth auspiciously, they were not much diminished nor alarmingly diverted from their purpose

At last the managers, each with a bunch of white ribands as big as a fist in his button-hole, and a hat as flat as a pancake under his

arm, ranged themselves at their respective posts in behalf of their appointed duties. There was one at the door to bow in the advents and remark on the weather. Another farther inwards to prolong the civility. A third was to signal the music, a fourth to walk about the card-rooms, two or three were to be familiar with the constitution of the British army, twice as many to understand the present position of politics, and one, with power to add to his number, was to repress the lady patronesses, who would be sure to be wanting a dozen contrary impossible things at the same time, and are always an oligarchy of a highly-troublesome kind. There was yet another charged to agitate unemployed ladies, and particularly to address important madams standing alone. Another to give the time of night untruly when demanded of, and another to put questions to rising married women about babies and the whooping-cough. Three cool men were set apart for fainting and falls, as many were devoted to unforeseen calls, and greater than all, the master of ceremonies, who held his office for one part of a night divided

into three, and handed a white wand to his successor, was to mind his own affairs and direct the business of others.

The rumble of heavy coaches, even the approach of quiet chairs, and of horsemen who stepped on the unpaved road as softly as cats, had set in. The company, more choice than select, for the occasion was national and embracing, but numerous beyond example, was in full tide of being set down. The crowd of coloured servants, for at this day no head of a house went to a ball without a footman, was swelling; the crowd of indigenes already so great that it might have been said all Newport was either outside or inside. The Duttons, the Gibbes, the Elliotts, the highly-respectable Wards, whose ancestor had been commissioner of polecats to King Connanicus, the Arnolds, whose progenitor made a fortune as wampum merchant to Alexander the son of Philip, and invested in Macedonian lands in the darkest days of the monarchy, the Kings, the Nortons, Channings, Pierpoints, were some only of the good families that got out, and got in, in quick succession.

Pynchon was not there, nor any of Pynchon's craft; for, following the example of the mother-country, the ancient delicacy denied attorneys the entrée of society. But high names from Philadelphia, ex-members of Council from New York, humble aristocrats of Boston, proud patriarchs from the South, were represented in whole or in part; for some were already visitors in the town, and some came expressly in spite of the bad political weather. Sir Richard Saltonstall and friends arrived, not in a coach, but in a small sloop of war out of Boston harbour, and Mr. Bollan and his family travelled on an ammunition waggon through the low parts of Connecticut, not that another mode of conveyance was wanting, but this was considered the quickest.

The lady patronesses, with gauze hats stiff on wires, tall feathers, and streamers of white riband, bearing the words Long live Lord Percy, took up a side position facing the entrance, though not too near, and were backed by a number of old beaux. They held up their trains of India muslin, picked out with silver and wide silver fringe, on one arm,

like a row of hens each with a drooping wing, supposing hens to be ever dressed so. Indeed, the press was so great that few were extended, and those only of the most distinguished women, and only for a time, and with great risk. Doctor Hartley and Fitzgibbon were rather early. At first Hartley had said he would not come; but the affair seeming to have a pregnant character, he thought it incumbent on him to support the principles involved. They were soon followed by Prescott, who though aware of what he should miss in their partnership, hankered after them with a strange satisfaction, but during all the night was mopy and staring.

Madam Folsom was rather late. Madam Cushing, an unimpeachable leader of ton, with a tower of Early English, and shaking girandoles in her ears, was later. In supplement to her tower, how cannot be explained, she wore a *chapeau pouf*. But the young and charming Mistress Fellows, Elsie Fellows she was called, whose loveliness was the jewel of the times, appeared with a *pouf au sentiment*, a tiny picture of her lord affixed in her hair.

He was away and might be in peril, but at his wish she had come to the ball in the company of her friend Mrs. Pierpoint: she had a little heir to her loveliness in a daughter who had her love in equal fulness. But the happiness that now seemed so full was soon to be struck at in an extraordinary way. Malbone and his wife were neither early nor late, and through hedges of eyes, stirred by whispers of wonder, marched straight up to the lady patronesses, with a decisive promptness that threw the line into a fluster, and put the old continentals behind into a fever of delight.

At some point intermediate these arrivals, the guest of the evening entered with his staff, leaving a suite of military service at the door. He was accepted with all the honours, saving a blunder in the music. The orchestra-man had arranged his morsels in the order of the programme, but somebody had precisely reversed it by turning the pile upside down, and instead of See the conquering hero comes, he set to work with conventional haste on Maggie Lauder. All eyes turned on the master of

ceremonies. The master looked daggers at the agent for music signals, and the latter went straight to business and made infuriated gestures, observed by everybody but the unhappy director. Failing these he ran to stifle the outrage, before it occurred to him that he had entirely neglected to inform himself of the mode of access to the elevated seat of the harmonists. And though there was really a difficult ascent in one of the book-cases (he ought to have turned in between Baronius and the History of the Council of Trent, though he did not know it), he opened several and ran round and round several times, always returning to the same point, in vain.

The base viol, or violoncello as it was called, *par ironie*, first discovered the mistake and strove to correct it by example. A hautboy next followed the same line of conduct, and soon a drakey clarionet came over to that way of thinking, and finally two fiddles, sticking their bows into the leader's back, helped by blows from a neighbouring French-horn, the end was effected. But by this time the hero had not only come, but got to the end of his

walk across the room, and the squeeze was so great at that end nobody could any longer see him. His arrival, without ending the access of civil celebrities, was followed by numbers of officers that seemed almost countless, though rivalled by the host of serjeants and soldier servants outside. The mob, who had nothing but contempt for the black domestics, looked on the orderlies with the greatest respect; but the latter, disdaining all intercourse with or notice of the white commonalty, found in the coloured gentlemen most agreeable and interesting companions.

When Madam Folsom approached, philandered by an off-manager from the door to the patronesses, there was first a rustle and then a titter among them, and as she passed on, having made her obeisance, Madam Foulkes said in an arid whisper to Mrs. Norton: What can Sally Folsom mean with her head to-night—has the woman lost her wits? My notions may be odd, joined in Mr. Ball, a bachelor of copious history and beau who had long passed his degrees; but I cannot conceive anything so indelicate. O Ball!

you men are so wicked, said Mrs. Champlin chidingly.

The subject of remark was the victim of a domestic carelessness, and had she not been a strong-minded woman probably could not have survived it. In her boudoir at home was a block, on which, on occasions of going into *grande tenue*, was usually placed her head of hair, to be arranged in the style and with the ornaments decided on, before transferring to her own summit, which would be the crowning act of the toilet. But still envious of the pleasures of coiffing, while her tire-woman would be powdering and pasting and drawing and pinning, Madame Folsom would sit by, feeling emotions of vanity at the progress of the representative head, the same as if on her own shoulders, even saying at times, Take care you dont hurt me, and wearing a skull-cap of gold-beater's skin as a delicate defence against draughts and chills while dressing.

On this night, the block and high peruque had been placed, as usual, with some falls of valuable Valenciennes and ruby broaches, and the completed structnre had been admired very

much and on all sides. But Madam Folsom and her old maid were so taken up with the adjustment of a new *moire antique*, and a badly-made hoop, that the head-dress was forgotten, and the coach calling, the thoughtless lady appeared at the ball with a disforested crown land. It is not surprising that it wore to Ball the look of nudity, for that was the effect with all who had yet observed it.

Madame Folsom, however, had not taken many paces before an affectionate friend gave her a hint that answered the purpose of a fright. To throw her white muslin scarf higher than her shoulders, to retire the way she had come, to slide into her coach, fortunately yet at hand, to drive to her house, to her dressing-room, to ruffle her maid and indue the neglected chevelure, was more quickly decided on than done. But still in a short time she made her second entrance, with such well-trained features as almost left Ball and others in a puzzle to say whether the first appearance might not have been an imperfect air-picture, such as it is said remarkable people sometimes throw off.

Ball was dressed by all the rules then

obtaining, and as he himself would like us to do we now describe it. His coat of imperial blue velvet, and lined with rose silk, had gold-wrought buttons; his shining vest was a high embroidered pattern of chasing cupids, his tight breeches were of white satin. Diamonds are not rare on his person, his sword-hilt was graced with them and so were his buckles. His watch, as big as a turnip, had a pendant as stout as a dog-chain, holding cornelian seals as large as post-office stamps. Lace ruffles lay six inches deep on his false bosom, and his wrist frills of the same almost covered his longest finger, and did not quite obscure rubies and sapphires under them. His protuberant white hair, lighter than any fleece, had little side curls in front, and a long tail behind passing through a blue velvet bag, backed by a big brilliant, and his high-quartered shoes, at the foot of violet stockings, with bright buckles, were raised three inches on fiery heels.

It would have been the pleasure as it was the part of the Commander-in-Chief to open the ball in a minuet de la cour, but though passably young and tolerably well

made, he was one of the exempts, and could only poke out his foot and shrug up his shoulders instead. The Quartermaster-general, a very tall man, who had fought at Arcot and Plassey, was appointed instead. He was of a spare habit, wide across the hips, narrow across the shoulders, with a small head and large liver. He wore a white moustache on a chocolate ground, and was known among the junior officers as old Pondicherry. Young Mrs. Hutchins, who had been designated as his partner, out of respect to her descent perhaps, being the grand-niece of the last male shoot of the female branch of the Proprietary's agent, was delighted with the honour, but so fearful of the engagement, that she was obliged to have her husband and three brothers as well as other family members close at hand in support. And when Pondicherry made his final bow, and held out his finger, as long as an ordinary person's foot, to hand her to a seat, she hopped away from it like a bird from a twig, and was directly lost among her blood relations

It was the general opinion that Pondicherry danced very well for an Indian; but Ball

whispered several young ladies in turn, that he seemed as stiff in his joints as a bamboo, and others who could not see his movements thought them rather triangular; particularly near the end he had become very eccentric, and if not entirely out was much embarrassed. But the cause was obvious to himself and to others, except those who had found fault with his dancing without seeing it. In making a reverence over his right shoulder, as his part required, through a circle formed by his arms, his eyes discovered with a *hauteur* that cannot be described, a hole in his stocking, which the contrast of his general complexion made very plain and every movement of the limb he feared would make larger. He expected at least to be run through by one of the lady's male friends for immodesty, or dismissed his appointments for disrespecting the service; but the danger to his professional prospects was hardly so dreadful as the wound to his feelings as a man or a Quartermaster-general.

Though his self-esteem was drivelled in disgust, there was still hope that he might elude the dulness of provincial eyes, and

accordingly the first moment the measure was possible, his long fingers holding one corner of a genuine yellow flag, dropped the other behind him, covering though not continuously the key to his reputation. In effect it did for some time divert scrutiny; but Mr. Smilie, a natural son of old Mr. Smirke the sexton of the Old South in Boston, an utter stranger to all the officers, but a man born with an infatuation to ring a fire or alarm bell on the slightest occasion, seeking the reason of this appendage soon hit upon the cause, and running up to him announced in a too audible whisper what no one so well as Pondicherry already knew. Of course his dishonour was noised through the whole room, and he finished his performance in the disadvantages of disgrace.

Though inured to fatigue in a warm climate, Pondicherry was not accustomed to shame in high society, and his feelings were so low and languishing that he was obliged to accept the invitation of a manager to a side-room, where having drunk half a tumbler of brandy, with a spoonful of cayenne thrown into it, he felt better, and particularly his wrath against the

unknown individual who had so officiously injured him, was somewhat cooled. He explained to the friendly manager that he never entertained revenge for its own sake, but he was sure the offender was a low-caste, and if he had him in his own bungalow he would cut him up as an offering to the idols. At any rate he had not expected to meet a son of Lady Raw in polite America. He said that having done his duty by the women, he should like to go to long loo for the rest of the night, and indeed seemed anxious to house his legs as soon as posible. Accordingly his conductor, having first sent to admonish Smilie not to be present on a certain specified route, led him that way, without meeting anything unpleasant.

The minuet, according to the custom of the time or the order of the managers, was followed, at least on one part of the floor, by a hornpipe. The contortionist in this case was a youngish New Englander named Dix, who counted less on his ancestors than his graces, and was plainly more vain of his own doings than of the deeds of his forbears. He was said, however, to be a

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work now for the first time published, instead of the last of a series of editions. He was modest with a consciousness of being admired and humble with a sense of deserving it. His proceedings though scientific were awkward, his movements scholarly but excessively ugly, and those who wondered how Smilie ever got into society, found it harder to account for Dixie's débût.

While he was yet walking on his ankle bones, or chasing one foot round a little circle, or turning his toes inconveniently in and his elbows unnaturally out, Madam Cushing, among the lookers on, said to Sir Henry Phipps, while eyeing some one at a distance, Is that our friend Mr. Fitzgibbon?

No, said Phipps; though he certainly resembles him very much. But here you are, to the right of the man with bows in his hair. What a dear fellow is William Pepperel, she continued, what a Vauxhall air he has! And then turning to see the true Fitzgibbon, she said: You are mistaken, Sir Henry, the other is certainly he, though that person does favour

him remarkably; indeed if I did not see him before me, I should say it was he. But, in fact, Madam Cushing had found a person more resembling to Mr. Fitzgibbon than Fitzgibbon himself.

Take care of my trail, she said; who is that posturer? Inches, answered Phipps, as he jerked himself from the spangles, says Wigglesworth tells him his name is Dix—dances well? Belongs to New England. Your judgments, Sir Henry, replied Madam Cushing, in spite of your mistaking another for Mr. Fitzgibbon, are always respectable, even upon prancing—good family? Believe so, returned Phipps; they say so, probably is so. But I cannot be expected—certainly I do not know all the families in New England. I do, replied Madam Cushing turning away, and I know no such name.

The evening had not long been under weigh when the pleasure thickened. The officers were many of them graceful in manners and skilled in gay arts; some of them were old and some young, but all showed the usual effects of admiration on the male breast.

Auchmuty was there in full life; and among others young Lord Rawdon, then a lieutenant of grenadiers, was not the least noted for the same quality. They abandoned themselves to delight, as if from their own they had passed to the camp of Calypso. Soon minuets and hornpipes, good for opening the game, gave place to reels and contra dances more proper for enjoyment. The rigid manners of the period that could bear the one, did also their possible to stiffen the other; but the provisions for decorum, like shackles on the wind, seemed to make the power of nature more obvious, for in the starchest age and genteelest company mirth and jollity often ran wild. Not so much owing, perhaps, to the hot punches and strong waters that passed freely round, as to damming up what gains strength from being impeded. No one was permitted the floor without first getting a card from a committee of beaux and dowagers, which specified the partner, the number of the dance, and the place to be taken in it, though by the long list set down it would probably give a right to every contra dance

These worse than Lincoln's Inn marriages were arranged days before hand, by influence or intrigue, or in the room on the night itself, with the same formality but less chance of suiting the inclinations of the parties. The partnership was to last the whole life of the ball, and might be a busy one; but the taste for variety that should sigh for even a single change was not more shocking than vain. All evil to either or both of the couple who should wander in their affections or absolutely desert their legal bonds. A swifter decree than that of Doctors' Commons remitted them to instant cohabitation, and with loss of reputation they were suspects for the rest of the night and watched by the police accordingly. But most often, like the Punches and Judies of solemn life, the yoke-fellows if ill assorted made up their minds to make the best of it, or like people unhappy at home favoured revelry abroad, and commonly they found the position compatible with a good deal of mischief, and living within the rules did everything irregular.

On the present occasion the profession of

arms, from leaders of platoons to commanders of a *corps d'armée*, though frightfully sentimental, were not particular. Everything was charming to men who for six months had only made love when they lathered their faces. The ladies of the provinces too, who for years had lamented on patriotic grounds a scantiness of male population, could not but feel thankful, and for them the power of association joined to thankfulness, made scarlet the type of all good, even in the shape of the god Pan, or topped with the snows of Hæmus. So that the officers were happy with everybody, and everybody was happy with an officer, and even the native youth showed more exhilaration than jealousy. To this there was one exception. Prescott, without a partner, had not even presented himself at the court of claims to ask for one. His thoughts were five miles off in the country; and she who held them there, though wishing all happiness to others, was musing on death rather than the gaieties of life.

The card-tables, hemmed in between bookcases, or even without the walls, though in

abutting adjuncts, were not less frequented than the dance. In the fashion of the day they were a chief feature at every reunion, and their mysteries a part of knowledge which none might neglect. Clergymen, not in the Plantations only, often found at balls and theatres, might be said never to be away from the whist table. Indeed, whist was considered a properly thoughtful clerical game; and the Archbishop of Canterbury's use of a tenace, third in hand, in playing the ace and returning the queen, which was said to be approved by the Society for the propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, was not more praised than practised.

Doctor Hartley and Fitzgibbon, keeping together like a pair of affectionate twins, not dancing but pleased in the mirth and elegance around them, conversing at times with persons contemplative or idle like themselves, or explaining wonders to the docile Prescott, had for some time been tending whether by force of disposition or the direction of their steps, but probably both, to one of the bureaux of fortune. At last they everlooked with favour-

able eyes the scene where repose and stillness formed an inviting contrast to noise and excitement. The room was delightfully bare of all but serious players, and even the manager who had been detailed to walk about and overlook the amusements generally, was firmly seated giving the most earnest attention to a particular part of them.

Do the women in America gamble? asked Prescott, with an effort at conversation which in his present abstracted state was accustomed to take the form of inquiry. No, replied Fitzgibbon, they gambol only as the little lambs gambol. But, said Prescott, is not that the lady I met one morning at Whitehall?—is not that Madam Folsom? O, I dont call her a woman, replied Fitzgibbon.

Prescott's thoughts were confused by the answer, though confirmed in the belief that Madam Folsom was really in view, immersed in pasteboard like several other ladies. He stood observing a table for some moments, unregarded by the players, until one of them, a venerable elegantly dressed man, suddenly, with startling precision, d—— his lady part-

ner for bad play, but immediately apologized in the most handsome manner, saying he thought it was his wife.

In a little while the Doctor and Fitzgibbon, falling along an inclination which had probably begun with their first entrance at the ball, consented on request to make up a table, with Prescott for bystander. They were interrupted once by the sound of the supper march. The interlude was long and brilliant; but again they resumed their places at the board of green cloth, and before they finally quitted it, the wild company had mostly dispersed, the wild night had come to its end, and the eastern heavens had a singularly rich colour, which Fitzgibbon said must be the northern lights, and to this opinion Hartley assented.

## CHAPTER V.

Long before the ball broke up, Malbone and his wife had retired and were coached for the top of Tammany, against the lady's wishes and even remonstrances, for she was doubtless somewhat fevered by the abundance of good things and the unaccustomed splendour. But Malbone was forced to recur decisively, perhaps for the first time, to his sacred marital authority, for he felt himself very much fatigued. For them the night had been successful; for a young married woman is always the subject of pleasurable regards, and a newly married old man hardly less an object of in-

terest. Arrived at home and deposited by themselves in the parlour, with oak wainscoting, picture-painted panels, and high-tiled chimney-place,—Malbone, seating himself at one end, threw his legs upon the sofa, with a self-satisfied look, pardonable perhaps, or at any rate usual, when Monsieur the lion and Madame the lionne are alone.

My dear, said he, with a plainly patronising air, could we not have a bit of something cold? I think my appetite if properly tempted—I shant say Bo to that, interposed Mrs. Malbone, for I am as hungry as a hen with chickens. Who was my partner—what's his name, eh? It was General Maitland, replied Malbone; a highly distinguished officer and most estimable sensible man. I selected him on purpose.

I made him sensible he had legs and was to use them, I guess, said Mrs. Malbone. Why he wanted to set down sometimes. I do believe the old hoss would have laid down had there been a bit o' grass. Were you not tired? asked her husband affectionately. Not a bit, she replied, I guess I'd dance him or any other

man from Marshpee pond to Rumstick point and back again any day.

But do tell me, she continued, aint he a kinder granny? Why, he axed me if I was fond of drawin. Larks, I guess that's for the old hoss, an not a smart lump o' gal the likes o' me. An then he axes what books I read, an the old biddy didn't know a single crick in Cranston.

Have you ever studied geography? asked Malbone. A darn sight wuss nor you, I guess, she replied. Now I suppose you are goin to tell what liquids confound in the old Bay, aint you? Well there's the Manysuck, an the Mushanticut, an the Assybumpset, an the Mashapoggee, and the Wanaxytichet—but I aint goin to choke you.

Malbone looked grave with rising doubts whether this extraordinary vigour of circulation would ever do, and besides there were eruptions of a literary kind which he thought the present time would answer well to medicament and perhaps cure. My dear Jerusha, said he, I can only look on your assertion of continuously dancing from Marshpee pond to

Rumstick point and back, a distance of some forty miles, as an extravagance due to the youthful ardour of a constitution with more capacity for work than experience of it. I observe further, my love, that you avail of your actives when your neuters would answer as well, perhaps better, nay more in accordance with the customs of society. For instance to apply the remark, my intelligent darling, to your own theme, you should say he wanted to *sit* down, and you believe the old horse—it is your similitude, and not a good one—would have *lain* down, instead of *set* and *laid* respectively, which are fallings of the transitives to *set* and to *lay*, and not of the neuters to *sit* and to *lie*, of which latter you had need. A little more restraint and a little more attention to points of punctilio, which really have reason in their favour, would not be amiss, for moderation is the secret of happiness, and grammar the art of speaking correctly.

The tone of superiority assumed by her husband, in spite of honeyed words, or the ill-judged attack on her particles, which would naturally excite almost any person's anger, re-

volted Mrs. Malbone. She coloured deeply, and even put on an expression Malbone thought he had never seen her wear before. His self-complacent state was soon to be exchanged for growing uneasiness, even worse paralysis, and the shadow on his spirit seemed to foretell the coming ill.

Ar'nt you an old wag-tail? said Mrs. Malbone contemptuously. Malbone shuddered internally, but except gathering his toes a little nearer, gave no sign. But the train he had laid had not yet fired the principal magazine. Come, old onion-string, she continued, give me a hundred pound down with it, I must;—I will have it. I shall want every shilling of it before I get out of bed to-morrow. Poor Malbone was dreadfully alarmed. Though unable to stir hand or foot usefully, his knees were involuntarily drawn up to his chin, and the grievous face, wedged in between two pans, prepared the delivery of expostulatory or general reasonings.

But, my dear Jerushy, said he, reflect—how can you be able to expend so considerable a sum in bed? The sum is large, the sum is

important, more than could have been expected or had any idea of. Besides there is your pin-money, promptly paid, handsome—I will say genteel provision, ought, indeed it ought—No, no, he continued moving his head as if with a decisive declinatory; you really must regulate your wants by what is convenient and proper for me.

Dont be shaking your horn at me, exclaimed the lady with a violence of look and gesture, to which Malbone was quite unaccustomed, and a resort to pastoral figures which since his marriage had become more and more repugnant to his taste,—or I guess I'll take a good stick to ye. You wont stan milkin, wont yer? then I guess you'll go without mash to-night. I suppose you can get to the meadow without I take you there, and you wont let down whether or no!

Malbone from this night began to have misgivings as to the wisdom of a choice that had certainly been more hasty than considerate. My matrimonial bubble, thought the sufferer, has had a skewer stuck right through it; but I have never wilfully hurt people, my life has

not been remarkably harmful, and perhaps Heaven may make my fate more bearable than now seems possible. But greater troubles were close upon him, and the lesser trials may have been sent to break the shock that was soon to wreck the fortunes of his hitherto prosperous life.

Upon leaving Doctor Hartley's roof, Prescott had in a few days made arrangements to set up housekeeper for himself. Byerley, though a bad water dog, was good on dry stubble, and with many faults had some talents. He was a Worcestershire man, and besides, a passable cook, a faultless groom, a fair chamber-maid, and could dress hair and do up small things. At any rate his master found enough in him to complete a small establishment in a rough way, on a temporary line, with a rolling stock of several guns, two dogs, a couple of horses, books and fiddle, flutes and fishing-tackle.

Hearing of the Angel cottage to be let furnished, to a genteel person without children, Prescott, without settling the point whether genteel persons ever have children, thought himself to fall within the description, and

sought an interview. He was so much pleased with the acquaintance, that in a few hours he had taken possession. He had failed to get his mother's picture out of the bulky captive at the spouting rock, or indeed to meet again any of his property that had lately crossed the ocean, so he was obliged to be provided with traps anew. His pointers were of a breed imported by Captain Cadwalader of the Jerseys, which ran through several provinces at that day, and the horses he had bought in market overt, though badly trained were of good substance. The lodge, which a sure lover of the picturesque had placed in a small vale of content on the western shore, was small but cupboardy and convenient. It was overhung with rich woods, and almost touched with its lawns and garden grounds a sparkling little beach of the clearest water and cleanest sand. It looked to the northward or north-west among islands far or near, which Puritan sentiment had robbed of euphonious and perhaps appropriate names, to dub them Prudence, Patience, Hope and Despair, but could not therwise despoil them of natural beauty.

Here Prescott had settled himself, visiting the town as often as duty or inclination led, but coming back, though not always, at night, having a pass that made him free to come and go as he chose. Some days he had a couple of military friends to dinner, and once or twice inveigled a guest from the big ship that lay half a mile from his door. But if without company, he spent his time in reading, in practising at Byerley running across the bottom of the lawn, in shooting swallows skimming the surface of the same, in breaking his dogs, in training his horses, or in fishing. Never he suffered from loneliness, for besides that some interest at present supported even solitary moments, in case a yawn did intervene, followed by a question of the time of day, he and his servant would gallop their horses to the camp or the mess-room, where the crowd was abundant. Indeed, the noisy life so easily within reach gave a considerable value to retirement.

On the night of the ball, or rather the morning after, he had parted with his Whitehall friends even before they were ready to

leave. It was dark, for the outside lights burnt dim, and the grey of the morning was not yet at hand. There was a crowd of going guests or waiting attendants at the entrance, and as Prescott passed through this a hand lay on his arm, and a woman's voice whispered, You never mean to go to church with her. He turned quickly at the words, only to see the dusky outlines of a slight figure gliding away that in a moment became undistinguishable in the throng. The words were plainly heard, and, whatever their meaning, seemed to impress him unpleasantly.

Prescott soon found his servant, and mounting his horse had speedily reached the bay shore. But before passing his own gate, it seemed he again saw retreating in the shadows the form that had already once claimed his attention. It was plain that a fast walker must have followed a shorter way than himself, thus to anticipate his arrival. Indeed, it was easier to be mistaken on the point of identity than to account for the stranger's second presence; and content with this reflection, he entered the house, and giving Byerley

orders to wake him at ten, instead of the usual early hour, went to rest.

Society of the English stock a hundred years ago with great stiffness had great looseness; and forms that were more than ridiculous went hand in hand with morals that were not praiseworthy. The low tastes, the delights of Epicurus' sty, that marked the early century, may be seen in the pages of the Tatler and elsewhere; and by all accounts there was little change in the years of George III. Free thinking and free acting prevailed not only among the great, with the remarkable exception of the king and his family, but ran through wider and lower circles.

The British officers who came into the Provinces at the time of the French war, and others who followed later, were men of good family, mostly provided with wealth or its expectation, and not wanting in mental or bodily accomplishments. Contemporary evidence shows them intelligent and graceful companions, who found a short road to the favour of those they met with, and up to the latest hour that war allowed, they were wel-

come guests at every house; for even the patriot leaders distinguished between the cause and the honourable men that served it. But with every regard to worldly honour, they were not generally practisers of religion; and to frank and pleasing qualities joined the principles of pleasure then in vogue in the mother-country and too much copied in the Plantations. The last form England impressed on her plastic counterpart, before her influence ceased for ever, was libertine customs and infidel sentiments, long since passed to the limbo of forgotten things at home, but fatally caught in the hardening material of the newly-independent country, as the manners of the ancien régime, now wanting in France, still exist in Canada.

Prescott, belonging to a family long seated in a midland county, had passed his course at the public school, at the university, to find himself by the death of an elder brother become the head of his house. The squires of his line, living through several ages, had gathered increasing acres in each, and while gold and silver appeared less prized the broad

lands seemed ever getting more valuable. The family hearth, never very crowded, had now become empty, and Prescott, escaping the dulness of his ancestral trees, entered the army where men of fashion then congregated.

Several years of London life through as many campaigns of pleasure had raised him from ensign to be a captain in the Guards. His fortune was impaired with play, his health a little touched by unfriendly habits, his spirits worn to a degree that shooting every autumn or hunting and meeting much company at country houses about Christmas, could not with constant return to town life, repair. He had therefore to correct his feelings of the emptiness of all things, and for other advantages exchanged into a marching regiment, had caught a marsh fever in Flanders, and at last found himself in America, reassured in health but older in time, still deferring his plans of settling down into an improving country gentleman for some years more of various life.

With such a career, though not a glaring example, he had perhaps been no exception to the follies of his time. If without many

poor Barbaras clinging to his soul, he had like others set little cost by what he did not pretend to, had exchanged the current coin with women of his own class, and playing false with his nature reached the state where disappointment is most bitter, and power to redeem the error most wanting. Floating down the sedgy stream of opportunity was as much as he had strength for, though his thoughts would incline to a building on the banks instead of the reedy nests that a ripple might wash away. But yielding to the prejudices around him, and what one sex ill reported the other perhaps worse acted, marriage inspired him with terrors almost as ludicrous as unhappy.

With these prepossessions or rather resolutions in an hour of weakness that ended a disastrous voyage, Major Prescott had been thrown by the side of Miss Hartley. Her beauty and manners charmed him, and her character day by day rivetted the spell. He was not greatly pleased with the fashionable women of the colonies he met with. Their style and their vices were both too conven-

tional, and a too zealous subservience to imitation carried everything to excess. But the lady of Whitehall in the most surprising way redeemed the defects of this pinchbeck society, and redressed the balance of his thoughts in its favour.

Before gifts so rare, where art and nature had confused their work, it was not possible for one like Prescott not to be a suitor, and it was not his fault he thought that he should be a successful one. He soon heard that in the opinion of Miss Hartley's friends, at least, the ground was pre-occupied; but to supplant a rival, particularly one he had never seen, was not more necessary than easy. Her brother was a casual acquaintance rather than a friend, much younger than himself, and whatever the course of things, the clever boy's feelings or presence hardly claimed his regard. The dream of love, as it always did, absorbed him while it lasted, and gave to the present perfect content, but the course of events made it likely that it would not last for ever. It amused his abundant leisure, and employed affections that seemed natural, and wanted only truth to

be entirely so. It even obviated the necessity of asking himself the question whether the daughter of a colonial country clergyman could ever become his wife.

The Major on the present occasion having made his speedy arrangements, like tired people generally soon got to sleep, and as the consequence of a ball and supper or a lively genius, directly took to dreaming. He was walking in an old hereditary park, not far from the swiftly rushing Dee, in the glens and fastnesses of Denbighshire. It was the beginning, the middle, or the end of summer, and near the close of a fine day. Lawns as smooth as velvet, and richer in colour, stretched up the sides of purple hills that stood within the walled country. They were studded with most Druidical-looking monarchs, with cedars of Lebanon and pines of Asia, as old as old castles and tall as church towers, whose level limbs, at once strange and gloomy, kept the ground so close that hardly a mouse could get under them.

Many other nobles, native to the soil, that had owned it longer perhaps, also stood apart.

Broad avenues or lesser walks, clean and hard as a cathedral floor, wound past or between this natural architecture more elegant and perhaps lasting than art can rear. Further they led through religious forests with a slippery ground, gave to opening glades and valleys, climbed uplands or rocky defiles, spanned more than one far-travelling trout-river, crossed ravines noisy with waterfalls, looked down on secluded lakes, where nothing moved the stillness but a leaf, or skirted a little midland sea with jutting capes and a lonely island. But often through the aisles of tall copses, through the windows of woods where the ivy was thicker than a serpent, and the holly as stout as a Norman bishop, the pointed arch or wider frame held fairer pictures than human hand ever limned.

As the idler strolled along his path, a cock thrush from the upper storey of thick-clothed branches, chose to pour forth his wondrous evening hymn, too rich and clear for voice of man or woman to liken, and just then between the firm pillars showed a glimpse of chimneys and genealogical gables, guarded by crowds of family

loving rooks. It is Wynnstay, exclaimed Prescott; and here I am again, after an interval of several years, to meet a large company. As he spoke the image formed to his fancy, for the ground before the house, in the distance on either hand, even behind him, all was alive with sauntering couples or moving groups of high-dressed dames and powdered gentlemen, the latter of whom smiled and flirted in bag wigs and rapiers.

Again time or things shifted, and he was at dinner. In a great oak-pannelled hall, with open beams and carved bosses, the long hospitable board was filled with guests, not more brilliant than many, and not less busy in talking than eating. One of these, a man of Bourbonish profile and pale complexion, but now with stern serious expression, of a sudden stood up, on a provocation Prescott did not hear, and beckoned another to follow him, for a purpose that to Prescott was unknown. But he did as all did, and left with the crowd to repair to the green sward beyond the carriage drive. Here the drama that was about to be unrolled was plain, and speedy in the acting.

The long twilight was well set in, but not yet half gone. Save droning beetles and the nightingales, the silence was unbroken, for all the guests male and female, erst so talkative, now with downcast, grief-bearing looks uttered not a word.

The head performers took their stand, each covered by an approver on his right, and a page in rose-buttons one remove off, with a row of six mournful ladies a few paces in retreat, and as many behind these a black-suited rural apothecary, whose melancholy face was prolonged into his gold-headed cane, which he held to his chin. One side seemed, in its accessories, but a reflection of the other.

The salute, on guard, engagement, parry contre-tierce, parry contre-carte, and the thrust of Saint George transfixed the mortal man who ranged with his dorsal phalanges to the south. Him falling backwards, the bloody spit, meeting the ground, held midway between point and hilt, but with head and limbs trailing in deficient life.

As the chevalier fell, his half-dozen fashionable women plumped right down on the turf as

they stood, closed their eyes, and surrendered consciousness, with cheek reclined on the arm of as many male supporters, who had run up in time. Other six approached with large vinegar cruets, which applied to the noses before the stoppers were taken out, did no good, and this corrected produced as little effect. The small page in rose-buttons, skipping up one, two, three, to the dying man, caught for a sensible interval the spirting ruby on his white pocket-handkerchief, which he then pressed to his eyes, already red with weeping. A spectral staghound, not before observed, then slowly walked on the ground, and lapped up the puddle. The company, one and all dumb with sorrow, had not yet ventured speech. Both the doctors, tongueless like the rest, instead of lending aid, stood stock still, with chin to cane, as if lost in amazement.

Prescott, pained at this fatal scene, took his course to re-enter the house, and as he passed the door met several footmen, each of whom having first carefully caught his eye, turned his back short round, and stood in silence looking at the wall. On the billiard-table in

the hall were ranged sixteen tiny muslin draped cradles, each with an infant inside. These, it seemed to Prescott, were doubtless the embodiment of domestic bereavement. Coming near the dining-hall, he saw through the high doorway the pink-faced butler, with decanter and glass in hand, compressing into a moment or two what should have taken at least twenty. But at the first sight of the gentleman, he swung round his obverse, like the blank footmen, and stood in mural meditation.

At this time several other serving men showed at the far end of the hall, and as they came on, the butler, for some offence which Prescott could not divine, suddenly regained his spirits, and seizing a pine-apple from the table, levelled the first man with a loud report. Turning to replenish his ammunition, with matchless aim though the range was long, he squashed a large melon against the face of a second, with the noise and effect of a fire-arm. The opposite party recoiling but not disheartened, flew glass goblets and flagons, hurled five gallon demijohns, and even skimmed plates at the redoubtable adversary, so that

the air was thick with missiles, and the bombardment general, to escape whose chance effects Prescott left the room.

Once more the scene changed, and Prescott was in the library, long as the nave of a church, high as the roof of the great house, with a line of trefoil-headed lights ten feet from the ground on one side, and across the wide floor and opposite to them little three-walled rooms or alcoves built of books and book-shelves. In one of these he was bedded for the night, why he could not tell, except that the company was uncommonly plenty, and the house not as big as a town. Even laid at length between damp Hollands on a low pallet, with a three-light candelabrum on the floor on one side, and "Gesta Dei per Francos" from the back of a huge folio, staring him in the face on the other.

Hooding the short candles with his night-cap, successively, and with the light the Franks also disappeared—Prescott looked out into the dark world of literature. Through the painted wheel of a window, the daughter of the Nereid, weeping for her lover the sun,

blazed like a diamond. But soon a rich ennobling music swelled on him charmingly, though it left no traces on the memory and no tremblings on the air, and instead of Dionæa, he saw in mid space, her half length reposing on, or rising out of a silvery mist or fumes of mercury, which reflected sufficing sepulchral light, a lovely woman, garbed in the fashion of St. James's, and whose features seemed not altogether unknown to him.

After some prologuing on the threshold, which was listened to respectfully, the air line traveller suddenly breathed in wrath, and stretching out one arm majestically with dropping fingers, cried aloud with energy: The pledge—the pledge, November, seventeen hundred and sixty —— I forget the figures, but it was the year of the peace of Ryswick.

It resolves itself into a question of personal identity, returned Prescott, calmly. My journal shows clearly that at that time I was attached to the Honourable Mistress Neville, so that it is impossible, madam, but that you have mistaken. Before that, she persisted. Immediately before that, replied Prescott, I had my

affair with the Lady Ann Trelawney, as the diurnal entries prove. After? Without interval, said the Major, succeeded my devotion to Miss Kitty Beauchamp, of which I cannot even now think without tears in my eyes. At some time, at any time, no matter when, exclaimed the lady pettishly.

Excuse me, madam, replied Prescott, drawing the bed clothes up to his chin with dignity, the *allegata* precised a date and fortunately the *probata* show an *alibi*. It is really too strong to expand your *ibi* over my whole life, and expect to be met with equal repulse on every point of so long a line. If you would allow me with deference to suggest—this room has many alcoves. In fact there is a long row of men of pleasure, like hogs in the pens at Smithfield.

Is not this number two alcove? quickly asked the floating woman. By no means, said Prescott, examining the mark on his pillow-case, which he could not see, it is a much higher number. Number two you will find considerably to the left. The lady bowed her head apologetically, and gathering up her

cloud sailed away in the direction pointed out.

Almost instantly there were sounds of a rising altercation, which there was little difficulty in thinking came from the quarter Prescott had so kindly shown. Number two has certainly caught it, thought he. But in a moment or two the rebutters and surrebutters became so emphatic, that reversing the lay of his figure or his pallet, in some unexplained way, he put his head out like an observing tortoise to try to see round the corner into the exercised alcove. Several neighbours, affected by the same spirit of inquiry, had taken the like means to satisfy it. Though his sight was not successful, the sounds appeared to paint passing events almost as distinctly as the eye could have done. The airy creature, still vociferous in reproach, if not dealing blows to the resident was pulling him about with vigour, in short, shaking him as severely as a spiritual form could be supposed to do to a mortal body, for the mutters of distress were not less marked than the cries of indignation were sharp and high.

## CHAPTER VI.

PRESCOTT, still stirred by sympathy for the sufferings in the adjoining recess, or yielding to the irresistible pleasure that accompanies pity, and draws us to the side of woe, raised himself on his hands and stretched his curious physiognomy still further out. But with the new effort the eyes of his sense awoke, his long dream was dispelled, to find that he himself was the sufferer, that the reclaiming woman was no other than his man, that the mutters were his own, that the cries were Byerley's, who was shaking and rolling him with active zeal adapted to a case of extreme importance and alarm.

Master, master, you must get up, he cried, as he had done several times already, there are soldiers breaking into the house.

Byerley, having seen his master to bed, before retiring himself had been blowing a Salopian air with reprises on his flageolettoe, when he was startled by the sound of voices outside. This was soon followed by two shots, which he shortly suspected signalized the death of the poor pointers, who had been whining just before and now not a whimper. Before he had time to interpret the situation there was a crash of glass somewhere on the premises, which seemed to him an earmark of burglary. Going to a window without opening it, he could discern several men on the dark ground, whom his long acquaintance with the species distinguished for soldiers, though he could not so easily tell the prince they served, and indeed, though the star-light was humble, it could be seen by a practised eye that they were armed either with matchlocks or broom handles.

Charge my pistols, cried Prescott, as he threw himself upright on the floor. Which

side of the house do you say? get the second pair out of the case; where are my boots? see to the guns; what on earth can it mean? light this candle, light the other, unhang my sword, light them all, throw up the window, how many are there? and ask them what they want.

There had yet been no summons from the intruders, indeed since the gunshots noted by Byerley an ominous quiet, which, however convenient, was not reassuring. But before it was possible for Byerley to obey one order, or answer half his master's questions, a battery was in full play that showed the action had begun. The defences were strong, but nothing in the shape of a house-door could hope to withstand many moments the earnest assault now made on them. The bangs had the sound of a catapult, though perhaps only the blows of a pioneer's axe. Before many had fallen the panels were burst in or the fastenings drawn, and many feet seemed to throng the hall and even to be mounting the stairs. Among the few satisfactory reflections, it was a great advantage at least to know the enemy's line of approach.

Prescott had time to buckle on his sword, and seizing, half dressed as he was, the loaded weapon from his aid, threw the open door further on its hinges. Byerley, threatening the dark passage with a fowling piece, on the first movement of something indistinct at the stair head gave fire. His master, not doubting the rush had come, took aim through the smoke at a supposed line of invading stomachs, and again delivered his favour, before obliged to pause for Byerley's reloading. But indeed both their discharges, though much alarming, went wide of an infantry hat raised on the point of a bayonet, which appeared above the stair way but advanced no further.

While the front was thus engaged, unhappily the flank had been forgotten. The unlucky window Byerley had opened, without fulfilling the rest of his master's purpose, if not inviting helped the enterprize of those outside. Even while these events were taking place, a man with Cromwellian pistol in hand, or at least a very Naseby-looking weapon, had clambered in without difficulty at the opening, followed by half a dozen armed

soldiers, and almost before attention was excited, stood with his companions well planted in the rear of the small army.

You are surrounded and a prisoner, sir, exclaimed the new comer as he touched on the floor, and at the same time several combatants came running up the stairs and along the passage. Prescott was getting out his sword with all imaginable haste, and Byerley already in attitude to strike with the butt-end of his piece, but the crossed bayonets at once arrested designs that would have been worse than vain.

I am Colonel Church of the American army, continued the chief of the party. As he spoke, Prescott's cheek burned, for this was indeed a piece of poetical justice, however charming in a book, he would have preferred not to act out in person. Cold captivity was in every point of view enough depressing, but to be shown the way by one he had injured made a very awkward position extremely disagreeable. But soon recovering himself he replied: Then, sir, there is no need to announce my own name, for to one who knows so well to mingle profes-

sional zeal with private objects, it is doubtless already known.

I must beg you first to deliver your sword, said Church, politely. It is your right, sir, replied Prescott, handing it to him. At the same time Byerley, not to be outdone in good manners, proffered his fusil, handle first, to a gentleman who was gravely holding a sharp point to his front.

I do not understand your sarcasm, resumed Church, but I may say my information went no further than this, that a general officer was living here. At this moment I know not the name nor rank of my prisoner, and he himself perhaps will admit that his apparel affords few indications of either. Indeed it was one consequence of this unforewarned onset, that the white tissues predominated in the Major's toilet to a degree approaching him to the simple habiliment or state in which all men are alike. I grant it, said Prescott, blushing, and at the same time withdraw my too hasty remark. My name is Prescott, of his Majesty's 47th Foot—Wolfe's Own—Major Prescott.

Of—of—the Whitehall Rangers! exclaimed Church as he started back at the avowal. A deep colour mounted to his face, and perhaps the sudden fever confused his thoughts, for he seemed unable to utter more. He was lost in a strange mixture of triumph and vexation, of profit for his love and fear of wrong-doing, for he was in the age when if love is most powerful, sensibility to truth and right is also most acute. And the making military duty a pretext for selfish ends seemed to him a conduct not more untruthful than unworthy. Though a moment's thought showed his conscience free, how could he be sure that others would acquit him. It pained him too to think, though the fancy was a strange one, how the event would strike Miss Hartley.

At last he replied: I can only repeat what has already been inferred from my words, that your name is a surprise to me. If there is wrong or right to be adjusted between us, this is not the time to do it—perhaps a season may come for that. But at present I mention the subject only to put it out of view. It cannot change my duty to a prisoner.

Church had now for some days, with authority from head-quarters, laid his plans for the attempt he was making. Nannie's intelligence, perhaps first suggesting the enterprize, though Hawthorne's words were constantly present to Church, had amounted only to a report that an officer high in rank had taken up his residence at the cottage. But she had not learned his name. It was known, too, that he passed not every night there, so that without advice of his actual presence, it was possible that the risk of the adventure might be thrown away. Nannie had undertaken, even so far back, to give this advice, by night signal, within a certain period which would allow time for necessary preparations or be otherwise convenient. The signal would be a sufficing flame on a high little tongue of land that set out from the lonely shore some distance north of the cottage, but within view, though miles distant, of Church's intended point of embarkation. On seeing this he would understand that the unlucky officer was that night to be found at home, and would, if so inclined, set out on his expedition.

Nannie, curious like others, had attended at the ball, and from what she heard from servants and others outside, thought that after all the officer who was thus exposing himself to unsuspected danger was no other than Prescott. Though not willing to throw away a cat-fish because she could not kill a trout, she feared it would be a disappointment, but still it seemed that certain considerations in Church's view might compensate the want of high rank in his captive. She watched Prescott coming out, even addressed him to be sure of his person, saw him leave on horseback with his servant, and then taking a shorter way than the high-road, arrived in time to find him entering his gate. Thus doubly sure of all she was to learn, she ran with something of the speed of a deer, for long practice had given her a quick foot, to set alight her already builded pile.

The leader of the expedition had caused a whale-boat to be brought on an ox-cart across the country from Bristol, to a point on the water just under Mount Hope. A necessary labour, for by this time the coast blockade had become pretty thorough. He had chosen to

accompany him a dozen of the trustiest men from Stetson's company, and who at the same time, having always lived on the bay and being accustomed more or less to the water, were tolerable oarsmen. For several nights the party, with all their preparations made, had lain in or near their boat in one bed, and that was the ground, waiting the word to start, while one in turn watched up the hill for the long-wished-for beacon. But the officer was so much given to staying out of nights, probably the proofs of his being in doors were not always plain, or the slim slippery old woman such a bad signal master, that patience gave out before their complaints against the selfish man who so obstinately refused to be captured had ceased.

At last however on the night in question, when the stars gave but a murky twinkling, about three hours before dawn, a long levelled ray of streaming light suddenly gleamed from the very point, whose bearings carefully observed by day were readily found after dark. The delighted sentinel hurried down at headlong speed and great risk of his neck, to awaken his

commander. The latter mistrusting the truth of a man who could run so fast, went himself to the top of the hill, taking the man with him, perhaps thinking to put him to death, the words not made good. In place of this the reporter met a summery smile and soothing voice in his chief.

In a few moments the leader had asked: Are the water jugs all full—and himself mounting guard over two whiskey bottles and a smaller one of Geneva, which indeed were slung to his middle, the reply showed everything ready. Unfix your bayonet, Scraggs, said he, or you will be sticking somebody in the excitement of being shot. And you had better all say your prayers, boys! he continued, for time may be wanting. We are not accustomed to that, and dont know how to go about it, answered Sears, but perhaps, Major, you will be kind enough to say, The Lord have mercy upon us. In a short time farther Church had cried, All aboard! and the boat, in deep mourning, with muffled oars, was swiftly crossing the strait. Stealing along close in shore, in careful silence, for she must pass too near

one of the men-of-war, and others farther off, she at last reached, unseen by the grim water-giants, the shore where the object in view was almost at hand, and at once the well-taught crew had set to their work.

Come, said Church, we have not a moment to lose. There is probably a picket at no great distance, and it is likely the shots have already set the watch on the frigate inquiring what they mean. I must ask you to put a few things together in a portmanteau. And my servant! said Prescott. It is my advice, replied Church, to leave him in charge of your property, which otherwise will be unprotected. Indeed such are my orders, but I am convinced it is best for you—perhaps he may hereafter be sent to you.

Prescott was forced to obey advice, which though delicately tendered was in truth a command. What you fear, said he, is my only hope—if happily the picket have been alarmed —I know it, said Church, and for that reason must hasten; I really cannot wait a moment longer. And taking rather abruptly the portmanteau from Byerley, who was filling it

hurriedly and apparently trying to get in himself, he handed it to one of his men, and straightway, with Prescott between two files led by himself, hurried down stairs and out of the house. Good-bye Byerley, and Good-bye, Major, the latter in a very dissolving voice, were the last words heard before they touched the outside of the palings, and were striding fast towards the water's edge.

Now comes the disagreeable part of my duty, said Church, again placing himself beside the Major. We have likely escaped the picket, but there is yet danger from the men-of-war. Your parole will save a harsh necessity which you can understand and I need not name, and I cannot leave you many moments for a decision. It is pledged, replied Prescott, despondingly. If rescued it will be without my own aid. Then upon reaching the boat I must beg you, continued Church, to lie down in the sheets, and not stir without word to do so, on peril of your life. I accept the terms, said Prescott.

They were soon arranged in the boat, Prescott having mounted a man and Church

another to get to it. But just as they pushed off and the men were dropping their oars, a crowd, or what seemed like one, could be seen running helter-skelter towards the beach, as if to stop their going. And among shouts and entreaties to delay was heard, Major! Major! jump into the water, dear Major! here is Captain Skeffington come with all his men, and only wait a few moments, and the main guard will send a patrol right away! The Major from below the water-line pricked up his ears, but had particular reasons for not obeying the simple direction, and though willing to wait was unable to do so. The tardy picket were too late; they fired a harmless volley, perhaps to alarm the ships, but the prize for the time was out of their hands.

The firing had excited attention on board the nearest frigate, but after some debate, the current of forecastle opinion seemed to run in favour of electric phenomena in the south-west, and an officer on the poop, on this sign of a wet watch, sent below for his dreadnought. But shortly a boat was made out on the port quarter, though she made no noise and was as

black as the water itself. He observed the doubtful object earnestly for a long time, and then sent to inform the first lieutenant. The messenger had to awaken the sleeper's servant in order that the latter should awake his master, and the lieutenant on being disturbed said gruffly D—— the boat—tell the captain, and turned over again. Recourse was then had to the supreme authority, and the like formality even more carefully attended to. But the captain's body guard having roused him to say there was a message from the first lieutenant, he exclaimed D—— the first lieutenant—tell the officer of the deck, and took directly to snoring again. The information thus returned to the place whence it had set out, the officer of the watch ordered a boat's crew turned up, with three marines and a midshipman, and all these having been tumbled half asleep down the gangway ropes, the middy received his orders and dipped his oars.

But by this time Church had worked bravely up against the stream a considerable distance ahead, and could hardly be any longer seen in the uncertain light, and though pursuit was

continued it seemed to be losing heart every moment. Still the two ships farthest off, also alarmed by the volley of the discomfited picket, had lowered not one boat a piece only but several between them, and these having no better knowledge, naturally perhaps laid a course for the point whence the firing had seemed to come, which brought them athwart Church's hawse. One indeed ran him aboard and hailed him. Thunderer, replied Church with readiness, without lifting his oars. He is in shore—I shall cut him off. Please, sir, take care he does not turn tail. Give way, lads!

The questioner was deceived by this ready naming of one of his Majesty's ships then present in these waters, and content with this direction, which now for the first time seemed to give him an inkling of the business to be done, he drifted under Church's stern. Church, by aid of the friendly darkness and his own presence of mind, had freed the hostile squadrons without further challenge, when the space behind him was lighted by frequent flames of musquetry, as if the unfriendly

craft were acting a mimic naval engagement together. Though probably by this time, one or all had reasons to think the game had slipped through their fingers and were taking chance shots at a mark which it seemed possible to hit because it could not be seen.

In a short time further the ruddy sky before them was redder than the lingering signal fire. The shore, the water, the tall ships, the labouring boats, came out like things of the mist to Church and his companions, who could even see each other's faces. But the day was breaking for others too, and as the light increased the chase improved in direction as well as energy, but with less chance of success than ever. Before long Church had fairly stranded his keel, and Prescott, being instantly set ashore, leaving the empty boat a prey to the followers, at once began his travel inland. His dream of love was roughly broken, his ties of companionship with men of his own sort and profession, with the gay society of Newport, suddenly cut. His habits of luxury to be exchanged for dirt and ignominy, his fears of all

kinds of discomforts and miseries, amongst which intolerable dulness was not the least, soon to be realized. A hopeless captive among outlandish strangers, the fate of his pointers seemed preferable to his own.

## CHAPTER VII.

PRESCOTT, if not cast under so much variety as others, had nevertheless a fate that compared with the worst in bitterness. On the night of his capture, upon landing on the adverse shore, he was hurried off under a corporal's guard, with his arms too tightly pinioned, a prey to insolence, even brutal speech, which a good word from Church had not been able to forestall. After an almost continuous march, equally painful to mind and body for the prisoner, the next day brought the party to Providence. Here without time for rest or refreshment, footsore and castdown, he was

ordered to attend a levée, and thrust into a little room in a little inn, whose back windows looked close on a little river. In the room was a tall General, Brigadier or Major, pompous and well made up to a certain point, but the top of his head seemed lower than his eyebrows. Before he had spoken long, it seemed to Prescott that the casket that held his reason was worthy of the jewel. His words flowed like the dignified ocean but without a rill of meaning; he had the air of a swindler who had been sanctified by the laying on of hands; he lied like a summer's dew; he spoke through his nose, and looked to be, as he was, a polished Puritan. In trying to worm from his captive a knowledge of various particulars, he left Prescott in doubt whether his questioner was greater rogue or fool. The upshot of the interview seemed to Prescott to be that choice was left him between a prison hulk at New York and living on his parole in a village of Connecticut, and in an evil hour he preferred fresh air and moral diseases to ship fever and the smell of bilge water.

Early on the next morning, having given his

engagement, he was forwarded in the three horse stage on the Norwich turnpike. The few passengers inside looked upon him in the light of a genteel felon, and the driver, who was responsible for his delivery, though suing him for a treat at every stopping to water, informed inquirers that he was the gentleman who had charge of the man. Late on the second day he reached his billet, and found the profit of his keeping had been given to a taverner who was also a contractor for the Congress. Upon arriving Prescott looked about him to study the features of a place that might long be his abode. It was a collection of some hundred houses though some of them may have been outhouses, called, as they informed him on inquiry, —— and the biggest place on the pike all the way to Norwich.

After being longer in residence he became better acquainted with its outlines. The inn that lodged him was dirty though populous, and if all the helps, and the ostlers, and the stage drivers, and the newly arrived guest, and the landlord, did not sleep in one bed, they sat down every day at every meal at one and the same table. In a drinking room, on winter

nights, round a stove that stood in the middle of the floor, a numerous company cursed and spit and discussed theology and spun village scandal of the most violent kind. In summer they swore and chewed tobacco outside the front door; integrity being often named on the same principle that the ill-bred talk much about good manners. There were witnesses to prove that every citizen male and female in the place was a cheat on the largest plan. There was not a book in the village, save one or two Bibles, and hymn books, and a few Poor Richard's Almanacks; and though it was said everybody could read, nobody ever did read, the observer never having once seen man or woman keep still for two minutes over an open page.

The general society was homogeneous, but the people at the inn were considered its élite. The stage drivers stood first for gentility and information, the ostlers next, and the female helps were the envy and model of all the women in the place. The first principle of life was to cheat, the first virtue to lie, and next to that was bragging, otherwise the habits were caprarious. The congregational minister it

was said often caught his horns in a bush. Both men and women took honours in trickery, like prizes for the mathematics, and one who in early age carried distinction was thought to be advanced for life. At any time a first class man had this advantage, that common people consented to be cheated by him without resistance. Nobody could grow rich, because of the universal depredation, and no one was very poor because daily opportunities supplied daily wants. Fortunately it seemed no one had pre-eminent talents where all possessed the greatest genius, and by a happy law of nature working in an unnatural society, he who had the greatest luck also had the greatest losses. The want of education, however, was very much felt, and benevolent persons had formed a society for providing the masses with instruction, in the elements of fraud and even higher branches of friponnerie.

In this peculiar social polity, where bodily vices had no blush, dishonesty no shame, and irreverence was not darker than the eclipse of any other virtue, poor Prescott felt like a second Nebuchadnezzar, or rather as one of the

spirits that ran into the swine. The money he brought with him, not likely to last long anywhere, was soon exhausted in scenes where every man, woman, and child was a phlebotomist. The slender allowance from the Congress, irregularly paid, was received by the landlord, and never contenting him was never seen by Prescott. He received no letters, and could hear nothing of his army friends, nor they of him, and his knowledge of the progress of the war and the hopes that any result might give him of release from his misery, absolutely nothing. At first he wrote many letters, but the way in which their contents were soon blurted out or thrown in his face, made him more than doubt that they never wandered far from the main street. With his clothes wearing from his limbs, all trust in human virtue from his heart, sinking daily in contempt who had entered at the lowest hole in the public esteem, and in self respect, who had been born and bred a gentleman, he was constant to the principle of not breaking his parole, but wavered in everything else.

Months passed away without lightening

Prescott's woes, but with increase of their power to torture, and years followed months. His mind was palsied for want of use, his words failed him for want of intercourse with his fellows, or his speech, to his great horror, showed a tendency to fall into the dialect around him. His uneasy dreams at night were of thieves talking through their noses, and by day he became a melancholy butt to all who chose to notice him. His spirits long since lost, his health followed, his cheek sank, his strength left him, his hair turned too early white, and when in the eighth year of his captivity he was set free and returned to his property in England, his friends hardly knew him, and he shortly died, probably from the sudden change to plenty after so long a privation of the habits and virtues of civil life.

Nannie Dawson having performed her engagements to Church, had taken her course up the shore for a certain distance, and planting herself on the black flank of a wood, where no object came between her and the breadth of water, waited the effects of her fiery sign. It made the dark shadows darker, and besides

over a distant low ground, to increase the tenebrous effect, several persons apparently were walking about with lights. At times the bushes seemed coming towards her uprightly like men, and unseen furry creatures to be prowling near. There was no dew, but the air was dank and heavy. The tiny bassoons and cornets of summer's eve were dying out, the tree frog's treble, dwindled to an occasional trill, showed he was getting upstairs to bed, the solid croakers in the marsh, exchanging their eight hours' singsong for gulping sporadic expulsions, betokened that with the coming day was coming rest.

Nannie, familiar with night as with the day, for she had often bivouacked *au naturel*, waited so long that she had time to ponder the result of Church's success. It had been no part of her plans to aid in the surreptitious detraction of a fine active man, who could be of value to any body, but rather of some red-skinned white-whiskered Imperator, with knobs on his fingers and corns on his pedals, who could as little inspire pity as love. She had herself a leaning to the manly age and its qualities, that would

have forbid her helping a bare cruelty. She had a contempt for old men that depended on her own superior activity, or upon considerations that were not comparative. If she had for some time served or befriended Church, it was always under reservation that he was the favoured one. But now her misgivings were great as to the effect of the substitution on Miss Hartley. If the wrong one has carried off the right one, thought she, how sorry I shall be for the dear young lady.

At length the flash of fire-arms on the beach was the sign of a contest, but how resulting Nannie could not tell. As she followed her path however, and after the lapse of some time, the irregular fusillade on the open sea showed that Church had probably escaped with his prize, though not yet beyond the danger of pursuit. At last in the lightening grey of the morning could be seen numerous dark specks on the leaden water, apparently standing still, in a figure that likened a huge hypothenuse with its apex to the north. They seemed not to move, and yet they certainly did move, for soon the leading black dot was touching on the opposite

shore. Nannie interpreted the appearance truly, and leaving the coast country shaped her way along field headlands, even through the rows of a maize crop, across the island for her home on the side of Divine's big meadow, which she reached before the sun was long risen, and soon was comfortably breaking her fast by the side of her coffin. The bonfire, as it afterwards appeared, had been seen by soldiers inside the lines, if not by others. It was readily taken to have had something to do with the affair, and a reward was offered for the discovery of the traitor. Suspicion did not fall on the harmless old woman. Nannie kept her own counsel, and the hand that built and fired the signal remained unknown.

When it became noised abroad in the town that Prescott had been carried off in this unworthy manner, the excitement was great. He was esteemed by his brother officers, and the feelings of regard towards him were particularly strong with those to whom he owed money. The burglarious style of his taking off inspired vengeance as well as wonder. Byerley was instantly summoned to head

quarters and placed on staff rations, while the Judge Advocate took down his long statement in writing, beginning with Byerley's birth and ending with Prescott's civil death or definitive disappearance from the scene. And for some days after this Byerley was occupied in repeating the interesting details, not to every regiment only, but to almost every officer in the army.

Miss Sally Sheaffe was the first to bring the news into good company. She was a female bachelor of good means and nearly seventy, the sister of a distinguished British officer and first cousin to an earl. For many years a resident of Newport, she was as brisk as a bee and as constantly humming. Fond of society, she enjoyed the good things of the table, even several glasses of old Madeira, being a connoisseur, that knew how to swallow what she praised. It was her custom to drop in in season at the house where she was like to find a good repast. So well known were her tastes, that if she went to a friend who had not ordered a nice dinner, the lady would say: I am sorry to see you to-day, my dinner

will be poor. On this Miss Sally would lose no time, but professing her inability to stop, go elsewhere. She rarely dined at home but repaid her entertainers, in their own opinion, with the latest news and much facetiousness.

When she entered one day at Madam Champlin's it was plain there was something unusual on her brow, but accepting an introduction to "young ducks" she reserved her matter until the dinner was well set in. At last she broke the news of the waterside burglary with much detail, for she had gathered the particulars, and these grew in length perhaps in number under her mode of treatment. She sat longer than usual over Mr. Champlin's wine, that had had the yellow fever with Vernon at Carthagena, answering objections, explaining obscurities, and aiding in the proper reflections.

Prescott's loss indeed was greatly felt by the fashionable society of Newport, who, like all cultivated circles, had keen sensibilities for misfortune. Though a reserved guest he had somehow inspired more favour than is always the case with men who open their mouths in

company more than he had done, and the sudden removal of a man and an officer, in fine health and prime age, seemed to the female leaders of ton an awful occurrence. Madam Folsom postponed her Wednesday evening, not an easy thing, out of respect to his brother professionals, and Mrs. Governor Gibbs wondered why the officers did not wear crape on the left arm for thirty days, for though the absent one might not be dead he was certainly buried, as any one who had penetrated into the country townships would allow. But when it was stated that young Church was the author of the outrage, the indignation seemed stronger for having an object to expend itself on.

It appeared to all the act of an ill-disposed country lad, showing not less ignorance of life than meanness of spirit, and if intended as revenge for Hawthorne's death, which was now known in town, not more wanting in civil grace than Christian principle. Church, it was said, had always been a vicious boy, as might be expected from a father who, not knowing how to manage his property, was unskilled in the education of his children. At any rate it was

a dirty trick that must prevent its author from again showing his face in Newport circles. Indeed, Ball informed several ladies that he had conversed with officers on the subject, and they all agreed that it evinced a ludicrous ignorance of rules of art and the strategic principles of war. His stopping in the house without securing his front, and then escaping to the boat, leaving his rear uncovered, showed a conduct not more stupid in design than low and unprofessional, indeed such as no person holding his Majesty's commission could ever be guilty of. In short, Church was shot through the character at every turn, and if nearer at hand would probably have been brained with fans or squeezed to death between anti-revolutionary petticoats.

At Whitehall the news produced very sober effects. Fitzgibbon and the Doctor lamented the loss of one, who though a young man had all the excellences of an old one, and only a soldier was as learned as a professor, and besides that he was polished as Alcibiades, could talk like a modern Lucian. They regretted the waste of so much literary perfume on the

half-cooked ruffians of rural America, and were sure that in a week or ten days poor Prescott would die of a retention of ideas or inability to pass his medullary secretions. With Miss Hartley, however, the occasion was one of serious ill. The loss of a friend, for which her grief was still fresh, had been fit introduction to the disappearance of a lover, at least it let in the darkness by degrees and proportioned the steps of sorrow. That Church should have been the means of this cruel wrong was painful indeed. How could she interpret his object, how justify his conduct, how retain friendship for him which he now seemed to value less than ever? Certainly it would definitively destroy his own chances, if he ever had any, which was positively not so. All hope was shut out from the case. In civil war there is no exchange of prisoners, in a struggle for freedom no justice for love. All mails were forbidden, and the object of tender regards, if not starved on coarse food, or pining in dirty clothes, would be exhibited as a live gentleman through a country entirely in the hands of naturals.

Indeed, Miss Hartley's condition was so desperate, and her attachments so wrenched by this last instance of fatal force, that she made no further objection to a scheme which had now for some time been revolving. As the clouds gathered and the patriot sky became louring, the atmosphere felt rather chilly, and the Doctor, though scorning to shiver on his own account, at times felt fearful for his children. He and Fitzgibbon, he thought, with their sinewy knowledge of life could stand a good blow, but not so the tender plants. At last, having reached the historical point where it was impossible to say what might next happen, though he had been equally unable to foresee what had already occurred, Hartley thought it well to yield to the wishes of his relations in New Brunswick, that at least his son and daughter should seek with them a refuge from dangers that had all along seemed worse at a distance than to those on the spot.

A brigantine of war in the harbour was about to sail for that quarter with despatches. She was commanded by one named Collinson, a friend of some who were blood connections of

the Hartley name, and the friendly captain, knowing their need of one, offered Henry Hartley and his sister a passage, and the same to as many people as the Doctor chose to send with them. The chance was too rare to be neglected, though the departure must be a sudden one. Accordingly, but shortly after the news of Prescott's capture had moved the town, the Doctor, with grief in his breast and tears in his eyes, broke up or at least divided his household, sending his children with most of his household hands aboard ship, which the winds were to waft beyond the region of squalls. He strove to console his daughter as well as himself with the belief, that a few months would see the present troubles blow over, and the return of the voyagers be more joyful than their going. But the lapse of years had not that effect, and Miss Hartley never returned to her home.

The calamity of Prescott's loss was soon swallowed up in what seemed a greater one. Not long after the public became aware of the successful foray at the Angel Cottage, it was startled by a report that the troops were at once

to leave Newport. Why they were going, or where they were going, nobody knew and nobody seemed to ask, so completely did their going at all overshadow all other considerations. The news seemed so surprising that it was doubted by many; but inquiry only confirmed its truth, and the best authority proclaimed that in forty-eight hours the embarkation would begin, with the prospect of being completed in a single day. The feelings of silks and satin were very much tried. Never had society in the place received such a gift of chance as this inflow of English officers, and in proportion to the wealth it had enjoyed would be the want consequent on its withdrawal. Though a few months before it had lived contentedly in a dulness that belongs only to newly-discovered continents, it was bound so tightly to the short-lived contrast that the thought of the change was most painful. To remove the army indeed was like pulling out the hairs of an elderly gentleman's head for the grief it occasioned at parting, or lifting a young forest by the roots, leaving the ground terribly torn and disfigured.

In spite of this the iron decree went forth. The Commander-in-Chief received deputations like the statue of Apollo the crowds that climbed Mount Helicon; but though outwardly as hard as a stone, he was not insensible to numerous reclamations, and indeed the more inadmissible and illegitimate these were, the more his kind heart seemed vexed. He insisted upon vindicating from all claimants the bodies of his soldiers without exception, but did all he could to assuage the consequences of their loss. He headed a subscription, intended to make bereavements more supportable, to which rank and file as well as officers contributed, and every man who had taken the first step towards being a patriarch was debited five pounds in the paymaster's books, in addition to the other pleasures of paternity.

Without long waiting the day arrived for the departure. All seemed to favour their leaving. The French fleet that not long before had showed in the offing, and challenged a general engagement, was now gone to parts unknown. The roomy men-of-war, in that day oftener used as transports than now, ranged

at pistol-shot from the wharves, had artillery and stores stowed away on the eve, or rather for two or three days all but men had been shipping. At early dawn the tents were struck at Easton's beach, the garrison withdrawn from Tammany, though guards were left for some hours at other points, and the troops assembled in streets near the water-front awaited orders, that came to them in slow time and little at once. To judge by the crowds that pressed on them, by the earnest talking with civilian friends, the occasion though different from rivalled a former one in interest. The boys, to whom public sorrow and rejoicing are equal cause of pleasure, wore the only cheerful faces, and by the frequent objurgatory cuffs they got seemed to have fallen on worse temper, or to be more mischievous than usual.

At length long after mid-day the last soldier had passed aboard, the last farewell been spoken. The anchors were apeak, gaskets cast off, and as the band on the Admiral's poop played Weigh, boys! weigh! the sheets are home! the capstan went merrily round. Soon the

ponderous flukes showed above water, sails were then sheeted home, tacks boarded, and the heavy Admiral slowly yielding to the impulse, but gradually obeying more and more the pressure, in another moment ran his nose on Goat Island. He was very much mortified by the occurrence, and used severe language to Bidkar his captain. But without loss of time many pinnaces came to his help, and before long had not only got him off but towed him through the narrow outlet into more open water.

Again, however, he was held by a native coracle that showed every sign of wishing to speak on his quarter. Presently a pacquet was hitched on board by a long rope. It was a complimentary letter from a meeting of a few ladies of Newport, presided by Madam Folsom, accompanying a knit worsted nightcap, turkey red, much too large for the Admiral's head, when he came to try it, with None but the brave deserve the fair, and Dont forget us, in large blue letters round the border. One after another the remaining ships, by the like means but without the like mischance, or the like

favour, left the harbour, and before the close of day, with the ebb and a north-west breeze, had all passed Beaver-tail light and well cleared the land.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE calm that succeeded to the bustle of departure, though not very long lasting, was oppressive. The repose of the air, the stillness of the streets, were equalled by a mental quiet that seemed the last remains of intellectual life or the forerunner of some fearful change. Doctor Hartley was the first to relieve the dulness and raise a breeze over the level of stagnant interest.

On the Sunday after the troops left he had come to town to officiate at morning service in Trinity Church as usual. The mothers of the pigmy aristocracy, each followed by her black

man bearing a quarto prayer-book, sailed up the aisles in greater numbers than usual, and the men of fashion found in church that day, their lack being great, a desperate form of social reunion. The crowd that fills up the interstices of life, and gives their weight to popular assemblies, was more than accustomed. Perhaps it held many dissenters, for the independent companies at that day, not over rich in camp furniture of their own, used to send corporals and sergeants, as well as privates to grumble in the off-pews of orthodoxy and mock in the very shadow of the reading-desk. At any rate there were many who after the lank existence of the last few days, found any congregation of their fellows a blessing, and some who before the military rule noted for obnoxious sentiments, had never yet recanted or changed.

The old organ, the gift of Queen Anne, opened with a manly roundness of sound, as if proud of a full house. Simmons, the ancestor of beadles who have dwindled in power and beauty, with yellow fringe on his peak and red cuffs, was civil to respectability and severe

to the want of it as usual. The practised precentor, who could sleep through the General Thanksgiving and be awake at the end, or nod along a versicle of the Litany and yet respond to time, went through the Old England forms with a New England twang. Doctor Hartley himself was in full power. He paused once, or rather without a pause, intermixed with the ritual a rubrical advice, as a rustling couple fashionably dressed and mannered, but too late for confession and therefore having no part in the absolution, stood in the aisle embarrassed for seats. Without change of tone he said: Take them into my pew, Philip, there is plenty of room there, and resumed his course. He read the service with high church elegance. His voice rivalled in strength, though in no other quality, the three or four old sea commanders in the congregation, who gave the responses as if from a quarter-deck, and sounded We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord, like All ready about and helm's a'lee, Mr. Ford, but some remarked that his manner was more imposing than usual.

The Doctor indeed had a grave design which

might well make his air serious. The reading desk, he was used to say, resembled a coach, but mounting a pulpit was like getting into the saddle; and upon this occasion he had prepared himself for an extraordinary display of horsemanship. He had long felt the necessity of taking to task the evil of the times, though he had not set about it until the arrival of the troops. Since then the evil itself had increased and his plan grown with him.

At last he betook himself to the slow concoction of a discourse adapted to the end. He paraded many historical risings and their punishment from Genesis to Maccabees, and called a general meeting of past demagogues by way of collation or comparison to the disadvantage of the present. He pourtrayed a man of the people, who not so highly connected as Korah and far less handsome than Absalom, was more wicked than either. He took ingenious views from the able Filmer, and read South and Sanderson for several days to vivify his sentiments, and acidify his paragraphs, and also borrowed Greek flowers from Jeremy Taylor, which Taylor had got from the holy

men of Attica and the Morea, that he might make his sarcasms at once polished and severe. The truth as truth was bluntly put and might very likely offend, but he knew not the man or woman among his people whom he feared in fair argument, and he would be prepared afterwards quietly and with dignity to defend every one of his positions. At length he flattered himself he had hit the true middle way between priestly meekness and patriotic anger, and was glad to observe that the matter was well drawn to the head of his hammer, and if not crushing the wickedness at a single blow, he would certainly give it some terrific punches it would be hard to get over.

The Doctor had thought to finish his task and perpetrate his scheme while the English officers were yet at Newport, for he found a secret satisfaction in anticipating the applause of the seintelligent, right-minded men. But the sudden removal of the troops left his building incomplete. The sermon however, now that it was finished, was too good not to be preached, and in spite of this large subtraction from the body of his admirers, he had resolved to con-

summate his purpose. Even this Sunday was to witness the birth of his grand design. Fitzgibbon was not to be there; he had a rheum which would prevent his presence; at least so he informed the Doctor on the Monday before; though in the result it seemed it allowed him a good deal of activity. He was by some means aware of an approaching battle, though he had not been directly consulted, and therefore had not a word to say about the plans. But he was interested in the result, as in duty bound, for he always had a feeling that, like the sheriffs of London, himself and the Doctor were one incumbent together.

Having got through the order of Morning Prayer with more or less cause for alarm, the Doctor now began the perilous predication. As he looked out on the sea of heads, he had more than a suspicion that it was about to be a stormy one. It had a strange forbidding look, and by the deep attention of his audience, it might have been suspected that his secret had leaked out or was divined at the moment. He set to work however, though his nerves re-

quired more bracing at the pinch than he had expected.

After digging into his subject for a time with no worse effects than an occasional breeze that swept over the pew heads, beginning at the more distant parts and becoming fainter as it approached him, he got to ancient On and his companions. This unisyllabic sinner and Governor of Reuben had been led into folly by men more foolish than himself, by the cousin of Moses, by the selfish Abiram, by the lures of another son of the same father. But though evil does not easily release its hold, said the Doctor, the wicked may sometimes retread their steps, the abandoned again become respectable, as seen in this instance of a relenting favourer of faction. For our comfort and example the virtuous On having put his hand in took it out, having staked honour left his deposit, having comforted evil designs changed his counsel, having flattered rebels betrayed them to his superiors, and the Devil ——.

Hutchinson by G——, exclaimed a loud voice from the further end of the church.

The assembly, apparently affected by this naming of a high personage, had become greatly excited. There was a prolonged stir, a good deal of talking in an under tone, and some persons more moveable than others stood up in the pews. The Doctor himself, appalled at the stranger's rudeness, turned red in the face and faltered for a moment, but having regained valour persevered in his pattern, for the man On was yet susceptible of considerable dilatation. But soon it was plain that the demon of disorder was installed, and himself it was that had entrecouped the preacher so surprisingly. At every rounding of a period there was a shuffling of feet, at every climax a groan of dislike. The word *rebel* fired an explosion of wrath, and once or twice that the Doctor's lips uttered *king*, his ears were stunned by shouts more numerous and lasting. A strange frenzy had seized upon most of those present, save the precentor, who could not be otherwise than asleep during a sermon, and would only awake probably when the Doctor had reached the ascription or was flying over his head to the ground.

At last a continuous storm of sound, that roused even the precentor to a sense of the important fact that he was in the front of the battle, interspersed with threatening calls of Turn him out, Throw him over, Quincy for ever, Hancock and freedom, drowned the Doctor's voice, and at the same time the crowd below seemed to his eye like the surface of a boiling cauldron. The pews were full and so were the aisles, but everybody in motion. Mr. Warden Cook in an immense head-piece called a cauliflower, standing astride in the air like a colossus of pews, called out lustily to Simmons to send for the Mayor. He was answered by a rough voice to the effect that a periaqua had just gone to fetch back the Admiral, whereupon there were three groans for Coffin, and a discharge of liturgies at Cook that made him drop for shelter.

In the meanwhile heads of families defended their longs and squares like a fortress, while irregulars scaled the walls or threatened at the entrance. Some vigorous throwers were trying to pitch hassocks into the pulpit, some skimming psalm books with very uncertain

flight. A gentleman of high station in New England, though only a visitor at Newport, making his débût in popular sentiments, handled the subject in a large way and hitched his finger in Mr. Hopkins' bag. The whole structure came off and flying over the heads of a dozen people was lost to sight. Hopkins, a tall, long-limbed specimen of the old race, and a model of politeness, directly hit out right and left, and propagated confusion, not for political purposes but in assertion of his periwig.

Many indeed were striving with others in the way of entreaty or anger. Ball, who was present, followed the example too closely, and was knocked senseless and seemingly lifeless across a charity bench, with a naked crown and false pearls half dropping from his mouth. When he recovered it was found that reason had yielded to the shock. A fat fashionable woman, not being able to open her pew door readily, had acquired a seat on top, while an active protector was bent on holding her inside, and an equally determined family relation haling on the other. Between the two the heavy rider was dismounted, dragging her

attached friend clean out of the pew on the pavement. Mrs. Champlin was actually engaged in single combat with a man whose battle cry was Adams and liberty, and with fanstick in hand, she stuck it into his repulsive features, until smarting with pain he withdrew his arm and let her pass.

If the words of vengeance were loud, the cries for mercy were no less so. Many ladies were making fierce struggles to get out, having already shrieked without effort, and some of them fainted as easily. But the desire of escape was greater than the ability, for the crowd that pressed from every direction towards the chancel, was one with that which rose against the door outside, and reached across the churchyard to the street.

The astonished Doctor, whose situation was really very dangerous, saw several gentlemen, whom he had always known for and now took to be friends, making impassioned signs at him while exclaiming, at least in gestures if not in comprehended words, Down! down! This advice agreed exactly with his own judgment, and just as an egg smashed against the sounding-

board, and he saw cabbage heads and other ugly images approaching in mid air, he let himself down the little stairway, for the first time in his life without blessing his congregation, to seek safety in the vestry room. Simmons at the moment happily coincided, and from the force of habit or virtuous self-sacrifice turned in with him, and securely locking and double bolting the door, shut out the Doctor's friends and enemies alike.

It is the first time I ever knew Lucifer the fallen come to my church, spoke Hartley as he threw himself on a seat exhausted with mental excitement. Never mind, dear Doctor, returned Simmons, never mind! And taking from an unobtrusive closet a bottle of rich old port—for good things pursued the Doctor even to the vestiary—he refreshed his superior with a couple of glasses, and turning his back doubled the lot to himself.

But the gale in the church, that had by no means lulled, now seemed raging against their defences, and the person of the sacred man that had so far escaped was still the object of affection. Angry knockings and more than

one spoken summons to open, assured that the danger was not over. Simmons, while speaking loud deprecations to the door, hastily lugged a wash-table and an old episcopal chair, or *thronus mitratus*, which for want of a bishop in these parts had never been used by a higher dignitary than a dean, to barricade the entrance or add strength to a weak panel.

What will they do if they get in, Simmons? asked Hartley, still very much out of breath. Simmons made no other answer than to roll up his eyes in a speaking silence; but the earnestness with which he still busied himself to prevent such an ending, plainly showed that something shocking was to be feared. No matter, said the Doctor, you amuse them with indifferent talk for a few moments and I know what I will do. Ah, said Simmons, I have no skill at that sort of thing. On the contrary, said the Doctor, locking the door so quick was an excellent stroke of diplomacy, and moving up the old chair in company with the wash-board, another. Indeed I must look upon you as a beadle of extraordinary head gifts.

Simmons hardly needed encouragement to

continue his efforts. He made attempts to allay the passions outside by appeals *ad misericordiam*, which the Doctor, though in great alarm and considerable danger, remarked with pleasure. He is an elderly man, exclaimed Simmons, or rather shrieked out in his anxiety to be heard by those he could not see,—been rector forty years, what treatmen for a learned man, reads Greek like a hymn-book, elegant manners, always good to the poor, O shame, gentlemen!

Meantime the distressed Doctor, alive to his own safety, was studying the way of flight. A low window that looked over the burying-ground towards a back street, at once gave light to the vestry, and afforded a secondary means of exit in troublous times. Doffing a black gown, and placing over his cassock a much more bulky robe of opposite colour, which though every moment was valuable he arranged with care, even taking from a drawer a clean pair of bands, and muttering as the toilet proceeded: Not-not in a base Genevan, but the true garb of Eli, he approached the window.

The window was small, and plainly demanded

a squeeze. Putting out one leg before him, it soon felt the ground outside, and with his hands grasping the sash, the other was making ready to follow, when the alarmed beadle cried out: What are you doing, Doctor?—dont carry off the surplice; it cost ten guineas, and besides you will be known wherever you go.

The pounding on the portal was louder than ever, the bishop's chair seemed to be moving, the Doctor's recumbent body without other support than his clinging hands was passing through the opening, as he returned for answer: No, no, Simmons! I will save the sacred vestments, or they shall save me. Soon his whole person, though with some difficulty, glided out of sight, but instantly returned to the window, at least the face, though it was probably more to show his coolness than anxiety for the liquor, to say: Lock up the port, Simmons, before you let them in.

The first use Hartley made of his liberty was to dash across a series of unrecorded graves, and climbing a rich man's monumental tablet that abutted against the Church palings, take a flying leap into the street. His priestly hat

fell on one side as he landed on the other. At first the coast seemed clear, and the hopes of safety assured. But unluckily an unfavourable demon in the shape of a boy had watched a black leg hanging for an appreciable time out of the vestry window, and had afterwards gone round into the next street to report the wonder. Hence no sooner had the flying man turned a corner than he was in full sight of a crowd already on the run, whose view halloo, made up of yells and unearthly screams, was anything but comforting.

Gathering up his clothes in front with both hands, the Rector put himself to his speed, though it was up hill and the hard pavement shook his feet uncommonly. His white Judaic garment bellied hugely in the wind, his arms were like distended pillow-cases, his natural hair streamed like a comet, but rather than surrender to indignity, he would task his powers to the utmost. For a time the good man's fate hung in a doubtful balance. His pursuers were determined, and so was he, though at first he was aware that they were certainly gaining on him. He was almost prepared to

be torn to pieces like a martyr, but was quite resolved to fight like a bull-dog.

But happily in his youth, the Doctor had been accustomed to manly exercises, and joined to a very long stride very fair bottom, neither of which is proper to drapers and corn-chandlers or the miscellaneous members of town trades; as it proved in this case, for the crowd gradually thinned as the race became longer. Even the strongest were in time put out of wind by the Doctor's able theology, until two or three only kept the chase in sight. At length, when beginning to think it unworthy of him any longer to flee before such lessened strength, for his hopes and pride were rising together, he saw that these, too, had come to a standstill, at a point some considerable distance from the town skirts. His feelings were at once grateful and triumphant, but to guarantee success, he continued to run for half a mile farther. At last falling into a walk, in due time, by the most lonely path, eschewing highways and populous steadings, he saw before him the towers of safety, and in a few steps farther reached his home.

## CHAPTER IX.

As soon as it was known that the English were about to quit Newport, the American forces also made ready to withdraw from the neighbouring shores, and within a few days after the fleet left the harbour they were in full march to the North and East. The state of the town was like the interval between a fever and a chill. The blood that had coursed so gaily through its veins, seemed to have all run out, and the pallid faces of the most respectable citizens, lately somewhat flushed and excited, were ready to turn blue at a moment's warning. The moral virtues kept pace with

the outward change. The modesty that had lived with the patriots suddenly went over to the counteractionists, and the air of comfortable supremacy, and safe satisfaction that had marked the latter, was transplanted to a soil where they flourished in a rather coarse luxuriance.

Some of the gentlemen of the place, affected by fears easier felt than described, had formed themselves into a deputation, and waited upon Buffum the Mayor. Buffum was a man who dined at twelve o'clock in the day, and, as will be supposed, of no great force. With little influence, he was without much stake in the public peace, and though his head was large, it had the faithfulness of sea-sand to the latest printing. His office was the greatest possession he had ever had, and for this he was solely indebted to the extreme gauche. He was as polite as the bolting of a great quantity of hot cakes at his hearty breakfast would allow, but there shone through his puffy manner a vein of sympathy for the powers and wishes of Plebs that was not reassuring. And when he told the deputation that the town force consisted of

constables, who were made of broken-down horses, or anything that offered; several of whom were away or on sick leave, with a blunderbuss that had hung up in the Secretary of State's office before he, Buffum, was born, and that he was aware of the principle of constitutional law which allowed him to call out the posse comitatus in case of an earthquake, or other elemental confusion, and that he was decided to uphold order, and the rights of the townsmen at every hazard, they left with a dreadful feeling that the posse, too active and self-sacrificing, would hardly wait to be called out.

The fear was grounded as events soon proved. On the same night, Quarry and Ephraim the Quaker quietly repaired to Buffum's in the interest of the sacred people, and urging upon him that society was always able to take care of itself, and that nothing was so wrong or dangerous for a magistrate as unfriendliness to public opinion, advised him to have a manly trust in his fellow citizens and keep his police out of the way for a time. As he might easily do by providing them a boat

and sending them for a pic-nic on Connanicut, for which expensive pleasure Quarry would afford the means by paying down one and sixpence currency a head according to the estimated number of the civil train band.

Ephraim further proposed, in behalf of the common safety, that the lock should be taken off the blunderbuss in the Secretary of State's office, and the touch-hole or priming aperture enlarged to the same dimensions with the muzzle, for though the first might seem effectual, the second would be a double precaution. This Buffum could not deny, and being gross and dyspeptic as usual, having demolished as big a pile of buckwheat at supper as he had begun the day with, and sure that the constables would delight to have a run in the country away from their wives and families, and not caring much what indignity was practised on the old blunderbuss, inclined to yield to their wishes. Quarry subsequently added; Salus provinciarum suprema lex, and Ephraim subjoined; Vox libertorum nec non clarissimorum vox Dei; whereupon Buffum replied, Foctum est; for Latin being still used in legal

proceedings was more of a conversational language than it is at this day.

The affair in Trinity Church was a sign that preceded worse troubles. Early on the next forenoon groups of men were seen gathering on the Parade. Many were brought there to watch their purpose, and still more felt the importance of ranging themselves with the powerful party. The crowd was much increased by hosts of boys, who, without much choice of principle, demand only plenty of rumpus, and are always ready to spring out of the ground in any required numbers on any specified occasion. For so large an assemblage there was remarkable quiet, but it might be suspected that on some was resting the weight of important designs, on some the fear of disaster, and all perhaps were in a condition of curious expectation, which of itself usually has a composing effect. The principal mansions on the Parade had put to their shutters, the inmates for the most part being in the anxious state. In other parts of the town people ran out of their houses like rats for a consultation when the dog is away, only to run back again

on the slightest alarm. The shops generally were closed, and it was plain that in the common opinion, the community had passed under a new power, whose reign was untried and might be severe.

The meeting was swelled by new comers, and among these Ephraim Hughes soon appeared, about the same time with other Quakers, whose dusty feet seemed to show they had taken a considerable rural walk to reach the rendezvous. Moving unconcernedly in and out he greeted some with a good-day, and several times laid his head together with a knot of acquaintances for short but secret conference. Quarry was not of them. Not many hours after his visit at the mayoralty, a punch on the side of the head from an insubordinate patriot, on some question of the commissariat or paymaster's department, had convinced him that his talent lay on the side of civil administration rather than the military service, and thenceforward he was to confine himself to intellectual employment and leave street displays alone. Though many in the crowd were strangers to Ephraim, wherever he

went he seemed to find at short intervals one or more confidants. Presently he came upon a man who no sooner caught his eye than he moved off as if wishing to avoid him; but Ephraim followed up the bashful person, until the latter, feeling the awkwardness of absolutely running away, saw no better plan than to accost him.

Good morning, he said, with a very conciliatory air. How dost thee do, friend? returned Ephraim. I am surprised to see thee here. I should have supposed delicacy would have put thee at the bottom of a horsepond rather than send thee here. I doubt thee is one of those that treated me so rudely at friend Dodshaw's some time back. Who, I! said the man; you have made a mistake, men are so much alike. I never saw you before, but you looked so hard at me——

Thee didst not burn my leg, replied Ephraim, nor act incendiary to the Newport Mercury, nor choke me with thee tobacco smoke; finally thee didst not reverse me on the floor. No? Well, friend, I have no wish to hurt thee feelings or be uncivil, but thee liest

like Simon Peter. If indeed thee be'st a convert, I should recommend putting thee on the doubting bench for six months. But if thee is willing to be baptized into thee new belief at the pump yonder, and have the mark of goodness inscribed on thee delicate parts, or if thee preferrest the new fashion of pine juice and feathers——

Mr. Hughes, Mr. Hughes, pray—said the man. No doubt our friends will set thee roaring some, continued Ephraim. For G—d's sake, Mr. Hughes, dont talk in that way, said the man. I did not know you were in the army then, though I always had a great respect for you. But I swear I did not knock you down —no—no—I will leave the crowd right away

Thee will please not swear, returned Ephraim, or I shall prostrate thee again as I really did once before. Thee is a well-made man and an honour to thee country, no doubt, but thee hast no business here, thee must be aware thee aint. And keeping his eye on the intruder, he saw him wriggling towards the outskirts of the crowd, until satisfied that he was on the way to disappear.

Many persons were now pressing towards a rhetorician who showed signs of intending to address them, and to this end, by help of the fence of the enclosure, had raised himself above the plain of heads. It proved to be no other than Pynchon. His presence occasioned surprise, for with his known views of public affairs, it seemed no less a proof of boldness than effrontery. He had however for some days revolved the conviction that with the troops the last Tory hopes had gone out in the town, and that if he wished to continue to thrive he must embrace the new flag with affection equal to his love for the old standard.

Pynchon's advices informed him that Boudinot, Lewis, Hamilton, and others of the long robe in Philadelphia, following the lead of Otis and others in Boston, who if earlier in date lived farther east, after quivering for a time, had at last run for it across the marsh land that separates the losing and winning side. The time having come to do as others did, Pynchon's mind was made up. Whatever fears he might have of the effects of his apostacy on the high men at Newport, were consoled by the

thought that Mr. Champlin and other Tory gentlemen would soon be in the poor-house, where he need not call on them oftener than he chose or might leave them continuously out of sight. His decision had been helped by two or three stones coming in at his window overnight. And not many hours before, in a street at the other end of the town, he had been threatened in broad daylight with the honours of Saint Stephen, but with the greater nimbleness and intellectual resources a Yankee attorney would be expected to show over an ancient martyr, had escaped a famous death and even bodily injury.

A change so abrupt could not be too sudden, and he had therefore selected this early patriot meeting to signalize his adhesion to the fullest programme of freedom. He had doubled and trebled his matutinal brandy, tied up his queue short, then one of the most valued of Phildemotic signs, loosened his knee-buttons and generally degraded his usually dirty appearance, to give to a too modern zeal the look of age or at least beliken his guise to the practice of the party ascendant. But he had not enough weighed the feasibility of the step he was

taking, or had been led away by his constitutional hardihood to think what was impudent must be easy. The men of Rhode, beside the natural dislike to his profession, had special objections to himself, and no sooner did the proselyte begin to explain his position than the position itself changed, for he was pulled down from his too insecure footing. His attempts to regain it were unhappy, his efforts to enforce political arguments from the ground level not prosperous. Amid hisses that soon rose to the power of a hoot, he was hustled and shouldered with a perseverance that carried him several yards down Thames-street. Here he was seen striding away with the face of a *gaillard enragé*, and though stuffed full of liberty, with little enjoyment of it, and the inward reflection that it was absolutely necessary to put off his first communion to another day.

Before Pynchon's discomfiture was completely established attention was called to a man perched on the dead branch of a tree, not too high for a pulpit but rather slender for a seat. The tree had been half killed by lightning and then eaten up by caterpillars, but still

ornamented the public ground. This the stranger had chosen to display Apostolic gifts in the cause of liberty. His voice was high, and with a peculiar utterance seemed to go in at the mouth and come out at the nose, but his murder of the king's English was in a popular style and his abuse of old George himself quite unexceptionable. On a diagonal to his perpendicular was another man reciting the Battle of the Kegs, and between the two other bards and boys vied with each other in noise. A spruce beer merchant offered particularly liberal terms: Only a ha'penny a bottle, said he. Drink, gentlemen, before you pay! And a gingerbread man, with his mouth full, worked between his jaws: Fine nuts, rebels! nobody a eatin but myself.

The orator impersonated Ameriky as a woman extremely ill used because flat on her back, and called upon her to rise like a thunderclap, to show her teeth like an elephant, and be right smart and fight to her last shirt. He was right glad to find Gineral Sullivan had roussed the red coats out of Newport harbour, and hoped as sure as he hung out, a storm

would git up and drown them like slunk kittens. For the Amerikin Gineral hadn't oughter let them off so slick, but fack was he was a kinder man that sorter liked to fight, and then he sorter didn't, though on the whole he thought he didn't oughter sorter not when he oughter sorter did.

As the preacher began to be interesting, a boy straddled out on the limb and fixed himself astride close to his back. His success inspired the like enterprise to another, and the latter was immediately followed by a third, until the young gentiles heaped up so fast that the timber which might have conveniently held half a dozen, was strung with more than twice the number. The speaker, though somewhat incommoded, proceeded, only occasionally digging his elbows by a severe backward thrust, which the boy next behind avoided himself but passed without loss of energy to the subsequent endorser.

He continued to remark that anybody that riz agin his country was wuss than a skunk, an deserved to be well hung, juss as if he'd murdered a selectman. He intimated that

there were some quite near who had littered and liquored the obnoxious fighting men, and he called upon all the intelligent persons present to git a hole o' the rope, and have a strong pull an a pull altogither, an he would only say one word more, an that was wengeance, an he would only add juss one remark, an that was this or this was it, that Ameriky was the greatest country on the face o' this hare airth, an Amerikins the best edicated and most enlightened people this world ever seen, from Oliver Cromwell down to Moses, an he was the fust man that ever lived, that was any sorter man—

At the close of his paragraph, though not intended to be final, there was a heavy crash, which had a definitive effect, and the loaded limb falling like an orator's arm to his side, showed its riders head downwards, or rather flung the foremost to the ground, directly covering him with live boys. As soon as he came to a sense of the arrangement, instead of freeing the cumbering weight, he seemed rather to wish to draw closer to him each part in turn, for the purpose of putting in a kind of short thumping,

which had a hollow sound accompanied by high parts. The confusion indeed was great, and the injury to the listeners as well as the spokesman so considerable, that some were obliged to repair to the nearest drinking saloon, and some were cured with whisky and water on the ground. With the meeting generally, however, the occurrence excited signs of great delight, and seemed particularly acceptable to several other political orators, who with the fall of a rival had more room for their own talents.

While the assembly were thus interested in the disasters of some or the efforts of other speakers, a party of men had gone to the neighbouring door of the Generous Indian, to persuade the landlord to join the meeting. Dodshaw without any definite fear of evil, but disquieted like others at the great display of popular force, had chosen for that day to mind his affairs inside. The men seemed friendly, and hinted that it might be well or even essential for him to show at least a moderate degree of approval of the movement, but that to hold himself entirely aloof could only be interpreted in a bad light, and might lead to

the worst effects. This view had already occurred to Dodshaw himself, and now seemed so reasonable, that he made up his mind to mingle with the meeting for a short time and then return to his harbour. Accordingly, without preparation or advertising his intention to any of his household, he left the house in company with his counsellors, and shortly was hidden in the thickest of the throng.

The pressure was great, particularly near a speaker, but surrounded by his new friends, who closely adhered to him as if by force of the throng, Dodshaw moved as they did, without knowing the object at which they aimed, if indeed they had any. Once in the press it seemed plain that he was unable to get out of it. The people were again listening to two or three improvisors, whose variable frantics excited sometimes mirth and sometimes silence; but the entangled inn-keeper was unpleasantly affected by the observation, that each failed not to dwell like a former example, on somebody who had riz agin his country, and to affix to him the hempen penalty as usual.

At last, without motion made and carried,

the orators suddenly ducked together and went out of sight, and the whole mass of people, as if with one will, issued through the gates or surged over the fence, without division of particles or leaving stragglers behind, and took the way to the right at the bottom of the Parade. They were preceded by two black men, whom the movement had called into existence, with greasy tambourines which answered for drums, and a younger whistler who served for a fife. Their music, though hardly intelligible, was meant to shadow forth Doodle's advent to town, and Hopkinson's new air of Hail Columbia, happy land. Dodshaw, somewhat wondering at the unusual one-mindedness, was carried along the street without choice of his own.

Some time after the concourse had left the neighbourhood, Mrs. Dodshaw's attention was for the first time called to the fact that Dodshaw was not in the house, and no one could tell when or where he was gone. Even in ordinary seasons it was not her custom to let him be out without her knowing it, but in the present time of political extatics, the circum-

stance was more than alarming. Her tenderness rose with her horror of patriotism and its practices, and her anxiety was equal to her tenderness. People who loved their country she thought were capable of anything, and there was no atrocity that might not be expected at their hands. Rushing out of doors without waiting to put anything on, she overran the vacant green to find that her spouse was not there. At that moment the liberty-tree flashed on her mind, and as quickly she decided that the crowd had gone there and peradventure her husband was with them.

The liberty-tree stood in the north part of the town, or rather between town and country. For a hundred years it had been called the Coddington-tree, but of late, though in great age, with a frightful cancer in the breast, and varicose limbs that hardly left it any likeness to its family, it had been inaugurated in a new character and called to preside over strange rites. The thought that her good man was in the embrace of his fellow-citizens and perhaps even then receiving their attentions, put to flight what little composure Mrs. Dodshaw had

left. She set out at speed to render herself at the point. The journey was long, the street deserted, even windows and doors were closed, but she swallowed the road, with some disadvantage to the coolness of her blood, as fast as a thick figure and foot, neither well adapted to Nemæan games, would admit. But lest she might be leaving the object of her search on either hand, or behind her, she alarmed the stones and made the sunny mid-day air vocal with sounds of "Luqueer! Lu—queer!" in which the height of anguish sharpened the notes of despair.

At this time two town-boys, who had received sympathetic intelligence of an interesting transaction to come off, but had been belated by unavoidable engagements or business at a distant point, overtook and passed her. As they trotted along at a swinging pace, steady to their purpose, one said to his companion: What is that fat woman a hollering "Look here" for, I seen nothing to look at, Jim. It's Marm Dodshaw, replied the other, and she wa'nt a singing look here. She was a saying, he'd look queer, when they strung him up.

Gosh! wont it be jolly! I hope we shant be too late.

Mrs. Dodshaw was right in her conjecture. Dodshaw had gone to the liberty-tree, or been carried at the will of others, or at any rate now stood under the old elm in the midst of a closely-packed crowd; but before his devoted wife could get to the scene, he had no longer need of her interposition. He had not come more than half the way, before he was aware that he was indeed the centre on which hung the thoughts and gaze of the people. He disliked his company, but thought he would not have long to wait to escape from it. He was still embayed by the keepers that had brought him out of doors. They were lively in their remarks, at times funny, and Dodshaw did his best to suit their humour. At last the dreadful suspicion came over him that some wrong was meant him; and as the hateful old tree hove in sight, and the host that surrounded him turned short from the road and crossing the rood of bare exposed common, gathered about the ugly trunk of the emblematic monster, his alarm passed into settled terror.

The men next Dodshaw or others, who had hitherto been restrained, indeed careful not to excite his fears, of a sudden became more broadly jocular. If there were no words of anger, there was a mocking tone which to Dodshaw was terrible enough. He was tormented after the manner of political inquisition then common. He was posed with ludicrous questions, insulted by false attributions, he was roughly pushed from behind and again pulled over in front, and at last a strong arm from the rear came down on his summit with a flat-handed blow that suddenly fixed his head inside his beaver. While reeling like a drunken man, and pitching here and there in his struggles to extricate his capital, a noose unknown to him was skilfully thrown over it, and still remained there when he had succeeded in his efforts.

Before this several persons, repenting a bad design or from the first opposed to it, had run off to seek Buffum. They found him not far off, and at once relating the danger that threatened a well-known citizen, urged him by considerations of humanity and right to sum-

mon a force to the rescue. Buffum in effect allowed that the thing was wrong, but there were legal difficulties impossible to surmount. The constables were gone to a tea-party on Connanicut, and therefore out of the question. To enrol special guardians would cost ninepence a day each man, and without an order of the Legislative Council, he could not think of incurring a ruinous responsibility. Again, the volunteers were liable to all the objections to a standing army, the public were jealous of them, and to parade them, if there were any to parade, which was doubtful, at an interesting time like the present, would be an unpopular measure.

But the great principle was that the military might aid the civil arm, but to use them to control it would be a choking absurdity. He had taken advice of Mr. Quarry (Quarry it seemed acted as attorney-general to the new rule), a man not more remarkable for natural perspicacity than acquired force, and besides he, Buffum, had very good notions of his own on the subject. Now the crowd under the old tree consisted as he understood it of the *pussey*

of the county. In case of any trouble, it would be his first duty to call out the *pussey*, but the *pussey* was already there. The *pussey*, according to the best writers, was the elemental source of power, in fact it involved all the forms of civil force. Mayors, select-men, councillors, town-reeves, stone-wardens, even church beadles, were all wrapped up in the *pussey*. It was by the *pussey* and for the sake of the *pussey* that regular institutions existed, and hence what the *pussey* did must be right and what they disapproved was as certainly wrong. And as he hoped to be saved and not to be taken as a condemned fool, he should never dream of setting himself against the *pussey*, and therefore the motion was denied, but without costs. But he was good enough to suggest that calling out the fire-engines might have a diverting effect, and under the circumstances he gave them his Mayoral licence to raise a false alarm of fire. But the licence came too late, as before the false alarm was raised or even set about, the evil was done.

Dodshaw, though he expected only plagues to the flesh and not at all the last torment,

was very pale in the face and shaky in the knees, but he must keep up the form of ghastly merriment. He clung with desperation to his last hope that if he could win his persecutors by some stroke of humour, though never did humour come so thick and curdled as now, they might relent in their cruel purpose, and as every animal has its proper arms of defence, his perhaps consisted in story-telling.

Of course, he began, I once had a royal Indian staying at my house. He was king of the Watemoonsucks or emperor of the Quidnicks; in fact I never inquired particularly where his kingdom lay, but he was greatly troubled with fleas anyhow. Well I gave him the best bed-room, but whispered the girl to take everything out, bed and bedding, crockery, curtains, everything but the looking-glass, and then asked his royal majesty to be pleased to wash his royal face and hands at the pump, which he graciously declined. He liked his lodging well enough, but he would not eat; nothing on the table suited him; in fact I fancied he was growing thin. So one

day I went up to him confidentially, Pardon your majesty, says I, but how would you like Pomp's black baby and a bottle of rum? Good—good, and his royal face lighted up with pleasure. So I sent up the liquor, added Dodshaw with the whitest of smiles, and word that the dish was a doin—Oho! Oho!

His words bitter to him, seemed to give pleasure to others; indeed the conclusion was received with a shout of laughter. But just as he was cheerfully counting on the effect, and looking into the smiling faces before him, and reflecting the benevolence that shone upon him, and gathering priceless comfort from the signs of content his efforts had produced, an unseen power not more sudden than resistless, with a horrible screwing of the neck, pulled him on his back. His short cries for mercy were strangled in the birth; his legs and arms battled uselessly with the air or earth. His body, refusing any longer to obey his will, dragged quickly over several yards of ground, and was hoisted on a swinging vertical in sight of the whole multitude. His hands once or twice rose, making vain offers

to seize the rope, and fell again, his legs as often struck out and were drawn up convulsively, his eye-balls started from their sockets, the very member he had most depended on hung from its place, his frame quivered as if a little motion began at the toes and ran upwards to the head, again it moved, and then in the opinion of the mob doctors the landlord of the Generous Indian was dead.

After a pause of the length that usually succeeds an irreparable wrong, Ephraim Hughes spoke: Thee had better cut him down now. Thee hast carried the joke far enough; indeed friend Dodshaw may have ground to complain if further protracted. His advice was followed; but in handling the limp body, the poor spiritless face, just as agony had left it, fell over and looked steadily at Ephraim.

Thee must not look at me so, friend Dodshaw! said Ephraim turning away. Thee knows thee constitution was always weak. Thee high living and thee habit of soaking made thee unable to bear with a mere temporary trouble. O Doddy! he again muttered, almost in a melting tone, in curious mixture

of fright and feeling, forgetting his character and company alike, O Doddy! do not loll thee tongue at me so, and stare with thee too expressive eyes! Put up the member, he said to the by-standers, and close up his eyes. It is not pleasant to see friend Dodshaw look that way.

The catastrophe completed, soon the Reverend Mr. Brooks, of the Newport Free and Independent First Baptist Meeting-house, who it seems had been an assessor at the entertainment, raised his powerful voice and called upon the citizens to join in singing Old Hundred. A calm had succeeded to the blasphemous noise and excitement that attended Dodshaw's spirit until its final exit from the world. At any rate no one now spoke or objected to the plan, and taking silence for consent, Mr. Brooks took a pitch-pipe from his pocket, and having clearly got the hang of the ecclesiastical note that suited Luther's hymn, raised the chant With one consent, &c., and was followed by a considerable number of the people present. But before they had got very far in the stanza, a coach and pair

was seen skirting the common, and curiosity overcoming devotion, the crowd fell off to the road, and at last Mr. Brooks himself went there, leaving the music in the middle of a bar and an uncompleted sense. The coach proved to be that of Baron de Kalb, travelling towards Newport, with the Baron inside, and as the passage was much impeded and soon became impracticable, its motion was at first slow and then ended in rest amid popular salutes of welcome.

I sall be vary mush glad to sees you honourable shentlemans, said the Baron with his head far out of the window, and bowing extravagantly. I veel just come from de Funneel Alle, vare I sall mak a splendid speech for de libbaretee. But vat sall you got here—vat you veel be about said he? for his eye a moment before had caught poor Dodshaw stirring slightly in the decaying sea-breeze. Ah, mignons, said the Baron with a knowing wink, he sall be quelque bad fellare. No you mind, her Majesty eese vary mush glad ven she eese appreese it.

It was soon proposed by some of the Baron's

admirers to the crowd, who were exceedingly rapturous in his favour, that the Baron's horses should be taken out, and the coach drawn into town by the assembled patriots. No sooner proposed than assented to, the horses themselves making no objection; and preparations having been made, even part of Dodshaw's fatal cord used for the purpose, the Baron once more put his long neck out to say: Eef you veel vant de argent, me sall no care. Von hunderd, two hunderd, dree hunderd, dat's nussink. Her Majestee eese vary mush glad ven she eese appreese it vatever you veel vant—dat's nussink. You shall mak to go de coach, an me veel be in here, vid nussink to do an vary mush tinkin. Me shall be your confrêre, me sall no be Franshman more, me eese Amerikeen.

That is a cussed lie, responded a rude voice; but without further pause the Baron felt his vehicle begin to move, and soon steadying himself with arms and legs, for the jolts began to be serious, accompanied by notes of triumph and large harmonies, he was driving furiously towards the town.

## CHAPTER X.

Among the citizens of Newport obnoxious to danger from the change of times, Seixas stood highest for his wealth and the attention likely to be paid him by the popular statesmen. If the unfortunate Dodshaw had lodged some dozens of officers and entertained them with the best wines, if he had made great profit of guests, some of them young lords astonishingly stocked with bills and credit, and all very gentlemanly and liberal men, Seixas had sinned upon a larger scale of good to others and gain to himself. He had acted not only as banker but as general contractor to the

forces, had made ready the way for their coming, and smoothed the work of their going. And though his efforts to the eyes of common people were not so obvious, still the public had a sense of his great operations and perhaps unduly magnified them.

On the same day that the host of the Generous Indian expiated his unpatriotic conduct at one end of the town, an indigenous crowd, though at a later hour and somewhat wanting in leaders, gathered in front of Seixas' outer wall in Thames-street at the other. The values stored in his crypt had long been much trusted, and within a few days the opinion had been broadly held, that when Seixas' house came to be turned inside out, the windfall to the assistants would be something considerable. Hence it was not alone the ardent for public good, generally sufficiently greedy, but the hungerers for private gain, and even those most harried by private wants, who betook themselves to the solid mansion.

For three nights and days Seixas had not put his foot out of doors. The state of things was fearful, and could only be likened to the

revolt of a slave cargo, with the deck and small arms in the hands of the worshippers of Obi. Surrounded by his clerks, who seemed in no concern for their own safety but only for their master's, he stayed in all the security that bolts and bars could give him. These had long kept out robbers, and might perhaps have foiled a military attack, but made he thought a poor defence against the hatred of his fellow-citizens. His daughter having left him, now for the first time he greatly missed her, and almost weeping that ill should come to his coffers, had also a sign of sorrow for poor Leah. She had been a powerful mediator, perhaps a safeguard against plunder. But at least her firm spirit and clear judgment would have stood him in need, who had parted with firmness and seemed to be losing his wits too. His house and present merchandize, in addition to the shock to his nerves and bodily risks, could not be burnt or otherwise ill-treated without some injury. The loss of his books and papers would be highly inconvenient though not perhaps irremediable. But his diamonds and other precious stones, covered

by no guarantee in Lombard-street, the boxes of Spanish doubloons, the rouleaux of guineas, from which he freighted his captains with the price of adventures, at a time when with few bankers on the continent, double-proof rooms and chests were common to every warehouse—these caused him the keenest anxiety, perhaps even greater than his horror of the people and dread of bodily outrage.

Seixas now sat in his sunny counting-room or inner office, at the mouth of the cave that held his unwarranted wealth, as if watching what had no power to move without the help of himself or others. The long strain on his feelings had been followed by weakness that made him start at every noise, and fall back in his chair with a look as if things had come to the worst. His thrifty nature was relaxed by trouble, his harsh manner to his arithmeticians had passed into a whining tone. And the rusty clerics themselves, though their fears of ill seemed rising without increasing their pity, were fast throwing off nabitual respect for a bearing that showed dislike and even contempt. Their master had passed the previous

Lord's day in a loneliness alive with unreal sounds, and populous with the worst though baseless alarms, and it was a great relief when the morning brought back his band of uninteresting dependants, who to natural hardness of outline, joined the stiffness of an age that wrote all its substantives with capital letters and starched even its accountants. They were useful too on the side of intelligence, and acting as nuncios with a free passage, brought him successive news of disasters.

When the riot in Trinity reached him, Seixas said nothing, but winced as if an awl had entered his flesh. This pastor of the Christians was in his view a Newport institution; one he disliked and was not familiar with, but still of the most firm and venerable, and if now overthrown what could any longer be counted on? It was not many hours after this that the forced dissolution of unhappy Dodshaw, accompanied by political fanfares, and itself a manifestation of the irresistible public vice, stabbed a sense of safety already fatally wounded. Here again was an institution interesting to all the citizens and long established,

not merely overthrown but destroyed. The example for a considerable time kept the guilty trader, guilty of having made much money, rising and falling on his seat, by turns allaying with his fingers unpleasant sensations of a throbbing gorge, and feeling for assurance a big key that hung out of sight a few inches from his knees.

The salvos of the popular artillery were now frequent, but the showers of stones and bats were topped with fugle notes, that reaching every part of the premises seemed to penetrate with the greatest intenseness and worst effects to the very spot where Seixas sat. His terror was extreme and so was his grief; but both seemed resolved to keep pace with a danger that was fast rising to the highest pitch. His symptoms were dreadfully exaggerated when his restless hand, on leaving his throat to make a periodical visit to the important key, rubbed against another stealthily guiding towards the same object. Seixas was so little accustomed to the feel of human fingers, that at first instead of a picker and stealer he took this for the touch of a toad. These cold-

skinned reptiles often hopped into the office, at least in summer, and in Seixas' view imported mishap in proportion to their size. But the stranger at once asserted its true character by grasping the key and moving off with it. On turning, in the surprise and alarm such a proceeding must occasion, Seixas confronted behind his chair, the leathern face, the stark ugly figure, the coat very thin about the forearm, the greasy collar, the snuffy frill of the oldest and most trustworthy of his desk-men, Wilson by name.

Father of the righteous! Wilson! he exclaimed, as both his hands feebly stretched after the purloiner, what are you doing? Going into the vaults, sir, replied Wilson with astounding coolness. I have lived with you twenty years, and do you think I will leave all that property to the people in the streets? No, no, Wilson, not without—said Seixas with something like energy, I say not without my leave, Wilson. Nonsense! again spoke Wilson, and without deigning further remark, disappeared below ground.

Seixas was incapable of moving from his

seat at the moment, but unfortunately he had a clear imagination of what was going on below. He tried to console himself with a trust in the gentleness of pre-announced burglary, and the advantage of being robbed by a clerk whose integrity had never been doubted. But the effort was vain. His misery was not lightened by seeing in a moment or two all the stiff penmen, of whom Wilson was forerunner, one after the other, pass between his chair and the opening, and giving him a squint as they did so, in which greediness seemed a little abashed, but insolence not at all so, sink out of view. Even the youngest, who was not quite a boy, and hardly a young man, with qualities not yet coagulated into usefulness; had his natural eye fixed on the main chance, and followed where the rest led. The situation was too much for Seixas. It seemed to him he could bear to lose his property after a tooth-to-nail battle, a struggle worthy the importance and dignity of the prize, but that it should melt from before his eyes by the peaceful way of home-bred rascality and impudence was very bad physic indeed.

In the meanwhile the siege did not wait for the mutiny indoors. The shelling of the fortress was easy, and the mortar practice not indifferent, but to make a practicable breach puzzled the engineer department. At last extemporized shears were footed, and a waif of ship timber that lay hard by securely slung to threaten the gate. A long rope at the end of this, manned with many hands, it was reckoned, would not only send the ram through the gate, but pierce the house and come out into the fields on the other side. The belief was ungrounded, for the log did not reach far into the street. Seixas for a while had neglected the outer assault for the internal attack on his rights, but the first blow from the ponderous scantling refreshed his former fears. At this moment the company began to come up from the cellar, in reversed order, the youngest being first, and Wilson closing the line of grave and rather melancholy faces.

Seixas let two or three pass and then spoke, though the words seemed to stumble in his throat: Are you not rather bul— bulky? Not at all, answered several, as all or most

stroked down their much-rounded and protuberant pockets—no one would think there was anything unusual. Give, give me my big Golconda and the priest's rubies, said Seixas.

To be thinking of pelf at such a moment! exclaimed Wilson, with a look of offended solemnity, the lines of his face seemingly drawn down by the weight in his clothes Give me only a part, a share, my virtuous men, continued Seixas. Impossible! they would not be safe with you, master, replied one, also in an advanced stage of fulness. The bloody ruffians will be in in three minutes, and then where is your life? answered another. They will tear you limb from limb, added a third. They will bait you with unheard-of cruelty, insisted a fourth. Refined and very lengthy torture, threatened a fifth. And at last, You must get out of this, and at once, all said together.

Seixas jerked backwards at each one of these terrible dooms, until at last a slight shudder was the only sign of his vanishing power. Whispering in a tone that seemed but the ghost of his usual voice: You will all

account to Wilson, and Wilson will account to me, wont ye? to which his sick ears heard, or thought they heard the reply: We will all account to Wilson, and Wilson will account to you! he suffered himself to be dragged or almost carried through a door that led to the yard. Travelling the open air for a short distance through a dropping fire of bats, at much risk, though happily without accident, the party reached the rear wall. Here a pair of house steps stood by accident or design, and the heavy plunderers lifting, though not easily, their almost helpless burden to the highest landing, it required but little more effort to plant him on the wall top.

Seixas' thoughts could not easily let go their attachments, at least his reverted eyes clung to his home plat instead of seeing the prospect on the other side of him. And just as he had settled in the position that a light push would make him fall either way, he again sounded his croaking notes of definitive entreaty: You will all account to Wilson, and Wilson will account to me, wont ye? We will all account to Wilson, and Wilson will

account to you! was again heard from his false servants, but hardly were the words out when a blind shove, equally unexpected and unaccountable, tumbled the old man head over heels down the wall with a heavy thump to the coarse turf outside.

The wrong-doing clerks having effected their purpose, descended, though slowly, for their condition was, without exception, exceedingly gravid, in cold triumph, to the ground. The blows at the gate and the continued fall of aërolites warned them, of what had been foreseen perhaps, that it was time to quit the premises. They approached the gate just as it was bursting in, and called a parley. They were permitted to come out, and in the hope of diverting too much attention from themselves, at once volunteered the statement that Seixas had just made his escape over the back wall. The news was considered important; but before the reporters had made many steps into the crowd, each one was stopped in his course, and to his immense disgust folded in the embrace of costermongery arms, which felt him curiously all round. The examination

was followed in each case by the entire disencumbering of all the pockets of all their contents, leaving the person of all reduced to its primitive lankiness. This done there still remained a step in the process, and each disappointed man taking an ultimate kick from a very hard foot, with a terminal curse in a very rough voice, was sent headlong across the road.

In this time, Seixas, a good deal shaken, but not fatally hurt, had lifted himself from the ground and decided on a course. The shock, though severe, had, as is sometimes the case, revivified his moral strength, and wanting the luxury of his half-dozen attendants, his limbs found again their natural ability. Though the loss of his property was incurable, the safety of his body was yet hopeful. He seemed to have left his regrets for the one on top of the wall, but his desires for the other were very much expanded at the bottom. Accordingly, he soon took to his legs, and set off with a will to gain the sea-shore. Without looking behind, but steadily regarding the great object in view, he passed unobserved one

or two houses in what was then for the most part open fields, and at last reached the first beach in safety, unwatched as he thought by any mortal eye. Not yet, however, did he choose to lessen his efforts, but conquering this on the hard pavement left by a falling tide, he made good the little hill at the further end, and after a further climb, not more remarkable for one like him than distressing, stood on the heights of Purgatory.

The scene around him seemed to reflect the disorder of his feelings and the roughness of his fate. A table land of some few acres on the highest part of the coast, looked to bear a host of fighting Zam-Zummins. This was bounded by a sea precipice against which a steeple might have measured its height; and though cleft by frightful chasms, and eaten into by caverns of unknown depths, a stone would in some places have dropped from its brow to the curling eddies beneath. Still at intervals many rough but shapely monuments, piled up in front or in advance of the wall, or single fantastic spires of natural masonry, broken and pointing variously, gave the idea that at some

time half a dozen cathedrals had been toppled over its brink, and now cumbered with their undrowned ruins its face. Here Seixas could read the signs of fury and the tokens of destruction. The day was going to a bed of gloom, touched with gold, but on the whole dark and leaden. The arch was hidden by flying clouds, the plain of waters black and sullen, and the melancholy Autumn wind, rustling out and in between the stone-struck monsters, seemed sighing for human wrongs.

Seixas, hunted as he thought by all the islanders suddenly become demons, turned from the unfriendly land to the angry sea, and came very near the air-line in doing so. The sky was not more cheering: of all his thoughts there was none consoling; of all he knew he could think not on a single friend; even his riches, that in other times and places might exchange for boundless enjoyment, could not buy safety for this. Though the hope came not the wish did, that he could then see one of his ships outward or inward, and hailing bring her to fetch him from this edge of perdition. He strained his weak eyes, better for a long

than short view, over the inky ridges, though nothing met them save the eternal rollers, passing like time and as indifferent to his straits, and little good perhaps if they had. But turning again landward he caught and shuddered as he did so, the apparition of one whom he had not seen for many years, but of all the hearts in which he had laid up wrong or hatred, he had for a longer time deemed his greatest enemy.

Nannie Dawson stood near to him, her black eyes more brilliant than usual, her slight frame more tightly strung. In running she had lost or thrown away a neckerchief, her white hair had loosened and now fell over naked shoulders, as old as Sarah's but delicate as a child's. Her complexion, at all times in blooming age, glowed with the very fire of beauty. Her quivering lines could inspire fear but feel none. Intense passion gave to her look something commanding, at least it had the energy of a great purpose, and this too nerved a great strength for slender limbs. It was not likely, as all who knew them would think, that Seixas' house should be gutted and

she not be to the fore. Indeed, she had been in close neighbourhood, and left not till Seixas himself had departed. Unknown to him she had viewed with approving eye the clerkly imps on top of the wall, had seen from no great distance Seixas himself plump to the hard ground, and presently gather himself up and set off for the sea-side. Hardy of foot and with a very topographic sense, she had observed his course without following it, particularly from behind the jungly reeds and grasses of the beach, she was aware that he was treading a smoother path than her own, and by a rearward détour had rendered herself at the plateau of horrors, certain of finding him there, which she indeed did, before his reflections had brought him comfort or resulted in any plan.

Lest something should break upon their colloquy, and cheat a design to which her whole soul was bound, though always more given to action than words, she now seemed resolved on short speech. Seixas was yet recoiling from her first look, and putting out his hands on either side as if feeling for help, when she exclaimed: Devil of the earth, give

me back my child! Seven and twenty years agone you robbed me, and I vowed never again to live in a house until——You were rich and I was poor, you thought you need never fear; —long—long I waited, but at last I have you.

She is dead, mumbled Seixas. I know it, continued the woman with bitterness on her lip that made her victim quail, and it is you have lost her soul. Give me then sweet Leah, that —— Dead too, faintly uttered Seixas. I know it! proceeded his oppressor; and do you think the God of stars has not vengeance for such as you? See what is coming over the water! look behind you! see how it moves!

Seixas, who trembled at the sound of her voice and again at the unknown ill she pointed out, did as he was bid. But at that moment. Nannie's arms with open hands held stiffly before her, came with all the sudden weight she could summon to the exploit, against him. Enfeebled by fatigue and still more by successive terrors, the nerveless man fell forward, and at last went over on his back; but instantly struck with his nearness to the awful void,

made desperate efforts again to rise. His purpose was fatally disappointed, for Nannie seizing one of his legs, with a grip which nothing could disengage, and continually exclaiming: Blood for a soul! blood for a soul! swayed him nearer and nearer to destruction.

Seixas' struggles were fearful; the way his words wrestled with impending fate was piteous. But though their eyes fastened on each other, the firm woman faltered not in her deed, and in spite of fingers that bit the treacherous turf in vain, he parted from the cliff. Falling and striking as he did so against obstacles, as if fate itself had chosen to prolong his misery, his hands caught half way down on a narrow ledge, and as he lay on his front with dangling legs, holding by the slippery rock or an unsafe bush, his shrieks for mercy rose shrill and clear to the skiey ground. Help! O God of Abraham save me! sounded sharply on Nannie's ears without in the least bending her firm will that no help should come. But turning for a moment to carry a large stone, perhaps heavier than herself,

and poising this with too cruel aim, as it dropped or was pushed from the height, she followed it with a voice as loud and piercing as Seixas' own: No mercy, no mercy! think on my child! Crushed by the weight, or averting his eye and hold at the same time, the hapless man dropped into the pool, without life or in a moment to lose it.

It was thus Nannie Dawson avenged a wrong that for a great part of her life had sent her an exile from houses and civilized comforts to the fields, under the name of crazy wanderer to live on Nature's great thoughts, and be fed on her scant nourishment. A wrong which all this time could not wear from her memory. As little could it weaken a purpose that once planted in her mind held her thoughts as it were in a vice, and through all the chances and changes of her days, made her patient of want, of misery, of contempt, so that she might one day have her end. Her secret hitherto known to but few, relics of old days like herself, was soon known to all. She herself generously braving the penalties of what no one more than herself would know to be a

crime, directly went back to town for the very purpose of proclaiming it. But the victim had no friends, the times no just accountability, and instead of peril of punishment, to her great surprise, she met on every side applause. Her great hatred of Seixas, often remarked, though it seemed but the sharing of a common sentiment, was now shown to have a better ground. Her relationship to his child, never suspected by the Newport people, was now a wonder to everybody, and the reason of her tender enduring affection for Leah, which Leah herself had never known, was clear to all who chose to seek one.

Nannie's story swelled very much the storm of rancour and detestation against Seixas, already and for a long time blowing steadily, and the injuries that could not be visited on himself were heaped on his memory. But no sooner did the tale get wind, though uttered with an eye to different effects, than Nannie was taken into the train of the marching sentiments, and raised to be a popular protégée of the most venerated kind. Short of endowing her with a portion of Seixas' goods, already

partly divided by a new statute of distributions, the permanent honours showered on her and the ovations paid her, though highly troublesome to herself, still seemed short of the public sense of her dues. If not worshipped as the goddess of reason, she was really inaugurated, after the lapse of some days, in a civil and military procession as an avenging angel or half sister to Liberty. Dressed in her favourite white muslin, but cut by the court milliner very low in the neck, and trimmed profusely with blood peonies, buckled to a huge pair of pasteboard wings, covered with a cap of maintenance, stuck or perhaps hid with thirteen sun-flowers, and bearing on her shoulder a heavy sword pointed with the red bonnet of Picardy, she was persuaded or rather forced to take her stand on the moving deck of a car of triumph, which a horse who had adopted the prevailing doctrines made almost as unsteady as the waves could have done.

But like a weed pulled from its earth to wither in the sun, or a Bombyx who stings his tree and then dies, poor Nannie was fading.

Her Eustachian pump, that had worked unceasingly for a good deal more than fourscore years, really wanted rest. Braveand unyielding to the end, strong in spirit but very weak in body, the last signs came to her, for her free hand began to pick her clothes, her lips following her thoughts to mutter of her childhood. Instead of marching to a democratic carouse she was on her way to the tribunal of all peoples. Her eyes were glazing, her ears were filling with death wool, and presently, without using her ready wings, she dropped dead, sword and all, in her flowery cart, in the crowded street, amid the loudest hymn or natural hurras of freedom.

## CHAPTER XI.

If Fitzgibbon's absenting himself from Trinity Church on the Sunday was the part of prudence, it also had other reasons to account for it. His thoughts did not entirely follow the Doctor there, nor remain with him while he stayed, but were concerned a good deal in a business proper to himself. For many years he had been a resident of the island, of Hartley's house, of Hartley's bosom, but for all this time had kept from him and others a secret. The time, however, had come when the forces of general disorder, affecting every one's castle and tumbling the sentinels as well as

what they guarded into confusion, presented family and personal matters in new and sometimes surprising lights.

That one with so many good endowments as Fitzgibbon should have stayed in his marriageable age a bachelor, had always been a wonder to Hartley. But Fitzgibbon had once related, as the reader is aware, at least one unsuccessful effort on the side of natural feeling. And though never explaining the causes of his failure, the Doctor's delicacy forbade him to ask for more than the relater chose to offer, and therefore he must content himself with the belief that Fitzgibbon was one of those rare men, rejected or frowned on by every constituency, whom disappointment condemns to live out of the house. He knew little more of the Springetts than that a lady of that Hertfordshire family had married into the Penns, and when he Hartley was a very young man lived sometimes in Philadelphia and sometimes in England. But he had never been aware that a later daughter of the race, coming in mellow age from a distant province, though a widow and never parading her maiden name, had for

some years moved in the most fashionable circles and been a leader of ton at Newport. Still less could he dream that this Springett, well known to him and often in his sight, was the veritable Lucy who so long before had dropped, on purpose as Malbone thought, her mass-book in the aisle, and as it would appear promised with her eyes to Fitzgibbon what subsequent events did not redeem. But this was indeed the case; and Fitzgibbon, surprised out of his constancy, or supposing that the final end of all things, even the secrets of his bosom, was come, was shortly to reveal it.

Fitzgibbon, during the time of Madam Folsom's residence at Newport, had lived in the same society with her, without being on her visiting list and of course without assisting at her parties. And though chance had sometimes brought them under the same roof, he had thus far wilfully abstained from accosting her, and had in fact for this considerable space of years, not even excepting the ball at the Redwood, hardly laid eyes on her. He had the air of a man who carried an offence, but left to others to imagine its nature. Others,

however, beyond discovering that there was a gulf between these two, were able to form no other conjecture than that, after the model of the Grand Condé and cats, he did not like Madam Folsom. Doctor Hartley was obliged to result in the same position, with which he would not reason and which he did not hope to change, and indeed it would have been hard to affirm the opposite of one who kept so entirely out of Madam Folsom's way.

Late on the preceding night, Fitzgibbon had to his great surprise received a note from Madam Folsom, couched in reminiscent if not affectionate terms, praying him in view of the threatening state of affairs, hourly getting worse, to give her the consolation and advantage of an interview. The distance between them had been provided by mutual though silent consent, and of course its termination must depend on the same terms. The public crisis with bad passions was observed to awaken better feelings, many enmities were healed, many dislikes forgotten, and in one circle at least common danger induced common kind-

ness. Fitzgibbon probably was not excepted from these beneficent effects. At any rate he did not now oppose himself to reconciliation and least of all an interview, for though his injuries were deep his powers of forgiveness were large. He felt as unable to resist a well-worded request from an old flame, as he would from a grandmother; indeed he considered it to fall within respect to relations. Besides after his long abstinence a touch of the old amusement, even a scene, was decidedly agreeable to him, and Madam Folsom was absolutely the only partner that remained to him in the dance of life.

The Sunday morning, therefore, when Hartley was already on his way to his rebellious church, Fitzgibbon was still engaged in dressing. His desire to make himself agreeable cost him several hours; for what to a young man is only a pleasure, to one who begins to grow old forms a business. In the end he was not entirely satisfied with the result, for if age sobers vanity, it also improves the taste. But at last setting out on his errand he presented himself at Madam

Folsom's house and was admitted to her presence.

Her appearance had for him much of novelty, and was proportionably interesting. He ran over the principal features with the feeling with which people revisit, after a life-long absence, the old farmhouse where they were born. Though nothing was absolutely destroyed there was a sad need of repairs. The fine eyes he thought were there, with a good deal of their ancient mischief, but instead of floating in a sea with beautiful shores, they seemed to peep at him through land-cracks. In the puckered mouth he could faintly discern the wicked archness that had once been his delight. The malicious little nose had all grown into nostrils, but he could swear to Lucy Springett's advanced guard still. An ominous bird had walked over her face while she slept, and left his solid rays here and there. As to the hair—what she had done with her Niobean hair, he could not imagine, and grief for its absence prevented his asking. But while thus reading Madam Folsom's looks, Madam Folsom had been quite as earnestly perusing his, and indeed

after the first salute, both sat so busy with observation that for a while neither was able to speak.

At last Madam Folsom broke ground on the ostensible business that had summoned the visitor, and both discussed present exigencies at length, without the least hint at a pristine acquaintance. The times are shameful, said Madam Folsom, the outrages momently done by the mob most awful, and the danger to every respectable person very great. We shall all become poppers—and be reduced to first principles. They say Mr. Champlin and Mr. Malbone have lost all their property, and certainly I myself have not heard from an agent in the provinces for nearly six months. The constituted authorities! she exclaimed, they are badder than the mud delegates, and Buffum a worse demon than those who paint their faces and go about like Indians burning and robbing. She had received private information that in a night or two Mr. Ellery's house was to be burnt. Think of that, she said; I am sure if people are not allowed to sleep in their beds, I shall die of fright; and now,

Mr. Fitzgibbon, the question is, What is to be done?

Fitzgibbon's impressions of the sickness of the times resembled her own. He confirmed her report that some of the chief men of Newport had lost or would lose their property; indeed it was likely few of their circle would be excepted from that category. His own modest income came from the old country. He hoped Madam Folsom's house and furniture were insured with the London company; probably that act of prudence had been attended to, but if destroyed by popular violence, it was doubtful whether the Amicable or the town must pay, but that question he left to the lawyers.

I shan't leave it to the lawyers, exclaimed Madam Folsom. They certainly are assured with the Amicable, and the Amicable must pay. After sending premiums for so many years, to leave it to the lawyers indeed! I fancy, Mr. Fitzgibbon, you know more of divinity than you do of fire policies. Fitzgibbon professed not to know much of either, but hinted at a sure way by which people might

save their property, and that was to take up arms for the popular cause. Never, never, cried Madam Folsom with warmth. I never could, I never will do it. Besides, they say the people on that side are fleeced shockingly, and if they burn up their enemies they eat up their friends.

It then only remains, said Fitzgibbon, to pack up valuable papers, jewels, clothes, and be ready for flight at any warning. Fortunately a few miles out of town will be safe, or if the island prove not so, then the Stonebridge.—But it seemed the advice had been taken before it was spoken, for as Madam Folsom proceeded to state, within these few days she had caused her *irreparable* articles, leaving a good deal that was solid and valuable, to be secretly borne on country carts, by moonlight or in the dark, to the Black Horse, a little inn kept by Betsey Dawkins on the Newport side of the Stonebridge. More than this, arrangements had been made and were constantly kept in life, to carry herself and maid, on the first sufficing alarm, at an unapproachable trot, to the same distant

end of the island. The energy of her measures seemed to Fitzgibbon to throw his recommendations into the shade, but it flattered him to think that the case he had been called in to doctor was different from this.

All that could be having been said on the prospects of danger and all precautions apparently provided, there was time and inclination for another subject. If the guest's presence had not been invited with a main view to this, at least the opportunity was a tempting one. At any rate the old Cupid of Hertfordshire now rousing himself with Madam Folsom, in spite of fire policies or perhaps with a sense of protection, seemed almost as fresh as ever. Fitzgibbon's thoughts were plainly turning the same way, for just as a leading smirk was stealing over Madam Folsom's countenance, he put on the thoughtful regard that preludes or accompanies a creeping tenderness, and after a pregnant silence, as the eyes of both rested on indifferent objects, he uttered in a tremulous tonethe word Lucy.

It was many years since Madam Folsom had heard this name from the lips of the

knight before her. Empires may have fallen and new Deltas been formed in the interval. But it now carried her back at breathless speed through stocks and house property, investments and accounts, the grandeur and riches of modish life, to the simple ideas of her girlhood. The old man of her heart drew with him all her measures of excellence, and it gave her unmixed joy to see him on the other end of the sofa. It soon appeared that Fitzgibbon must take to upbraiding; but even this was delightful, for she could not foresee how poignant his words would be, and with the common obtuseness of her sex she was not sufficiently conscious of her crime. He himself probably did not anticipate how far his cause or unlocked eloquence would lead. But in truth to both of them, as if the story of the past had been no more than a specimen of natural history, preserved in spirits and shut up in a bottle, the interview, at least in its beginning, gave exquisite pleasure.

After long-drawn preliminaries, in which Fitzgibbon having taken out his glasses and carefully wiped them seemed inclined to look

into his wrongs, and Madam Folsom to parry the facts or at least injustice: And Lucy, said he, did you not when the drowsy footman fell asleep, standing upright as he was, allow me to press your hand? And when he presently fell over, unconscious of his fall until he smashed the India god in china, did you not throw one arm round my neck, and give a responsible sigh—forever?

Madam Folsom bowed as if forced to assent, but with a fluttering pleasure that was remarkable. Did I not, resumed Fitzgibbon, count your fingers in the waning twilight of that summer's eve when we sat in the French garden with your mother, and when she said it was ten o'clock and rose to go in, did you not ask me whether my thumbs were not rather large, and I say it was cricket, or if not, then writing Greek Iambics at All Souls!

No, Lucy, I would not be unkind, continued the aged man, but you ji-ji-jolted me shockingly. You parted with me one morning all sombre and dull, and the next day I heard you were dancing and gay, and not long after you danced in a coach and four, with out-

riders and paper roses, having paid the parish children five shillings to scatter flowers in your path of life, and subsidized the good wishes of the work-people with six gallons of ale, to Dunstable parish church, and gave away my vows. Fortified by law and entrenched behind pin-money, you went careering along the road of dalliance with rank and fortune, tasting the natural fruits in their prime, taking the sweet side of everything, and forming the connections of progeny—Oh, only Thorn — only Thornbury! interrupted Madam Folsom in great grief.—That tender tie, continued Fitzgibbon, that mingles humans to their race, and without which they are but abnormal matter, that nature and everybody else constantly tries to get rid of. Pleasing, because pleased you were, admired because happy, forgetting but not forgot, and you left me.—How? exclaimed the remorseful old lady. Like a dog, Lucy, with two legs broken, that cannot move and cannot die.

Oh! oh! she exclaimed, at the same time trying to repress her companion with one hand, for the pain was really greater than she

had expected, but the cruel Fitzgibbon proceeded: True, you came to Newport afterwards under altered circumstances; but I wished to be the first king by free election, not the successor in a dynasty. My flower must be fresh as well as sweet, or I was a bee without spirit. True, you had wealth, but I wanted it not. Was it for that I first won you? No. Would I pay for guineas with love? Certainly not. Rather bread without butter, no beef, no apple-pie—but truth and sincerity! Besides I had a complement that should have satisfied modest worth, and was a likely man to get a living—indeed would have been next on the rota when Barking fell in, and even a bishop was on the cards. But ambition and happiness, where are ye now!

Was it you drove me to colonial life, he continued, and forced me to bud my talents on provincial stocks? Faltered in love, I had only to take up with friendship. One half of me paralyzed and useless, one half of life blotted out and hopeless, how cold, how dark, was the remainder!

Oh, John! I repent, I repent, blubbered out

the poor lady, for her nerves had at last reached the point that must seek relief in tears. And making uncertain movements, as if to take Fitzgibbon to her arms: Hear my confession, said she: I never was happy with Sir Thornbury, but I would have been with you. Forgive me, indeed you must forgive me.

I do, said Fitzgibbon. Our span for both of us is nearly out. We are going where hearts will be seen as they are, and actions counted as they deserve. I forgive as I hope to be forgiven, and now—I now propose a kiss of forgiveness. Madam Folsom, wiping her eyes and adjusting her fichu, bridled and blushed a good deal, as indeed Fitzgibbon was doing, but perhaps was indifferent, provided the thing itself took place, what descriptive name was given to it.

But, suddenly putting on a decidedly distant air, Sir, said she, I presume there is nothing in my unsophisticated openness, or unguarded words, to lead you to throw away prudence, or venture beyond the bounds of respect and the fences of decorum. You must know there are proprieties that hedge in—

I do, I do, said Fitzgibbon eagerly, let us jump over proprieties and the hedge too. And approaching himself still nearer, he was no less pleased than surprised to find the arms, which he thought put out to repel him, first waver, then retreat, and finally embrace him. With only the click of interfering lenses and slight sobs of affection, they remained for a long interval thus nearly related. At last the intercommunion must have an end, and the visit too, for begun considerably after church time it threatened to out last the second service. Fitzgibbon shortly took his leave, more delighted than he had for a long time been with any completed journal. He felt refreshed in his manhood, and thought he would be willing to protract the lovely recrimination through several such meetings.

## CHAPTER XII.

LATE on the same night after Madam Folsom had retired to rest, and was catching a revolutionary nap, in which she dreamed that Fitzgibbon, without other habiliments than a coat of tar and feathers, had rushed into her arms and smeared her very much in her anxiety to save him, she was alarmed by the terrors of which she had been in some degree forewarned. News entered by the little stairs that her friend and neighbour Mr. Ellery's time was at last really come. The fulfilment of evil had trodden quicker than was expected on its threatening. She was more than ever

anxious to give aid or comfort, for a late event had singularly warmed her heart towards her fellow-creatures, and friends in particular. But it appeared that every one bearing the name of Ellery, from two years old up to the grands of the house, had withdrawn from the danger in season, and fled to parts unknown. She was left therefore to regard her own safety only, and this required speedy movement.

It was in the small hours of darkness, that a body of rioters, apparently supported by their grown-up sisters and even children, shouting and yelling after the manner of gregarious citizens, with lighted pine knots that sent a lurid glare before them and a yellow trail behind, came up the quiet street. After swaying backwards and forwards, and even dividing into separate stragglers, who held their links to door-plates or smoked white shutters with them, they settled in a thick cluster and with the worst intentions before the house-steps of Mr. Ellery. He was one whose beauty of form was not greater than the elegance of his surroundings. He had a

hairdresser come to him every day, and held the theory and practice that cleanliness was next to godliness, and toryism between the two. The strangers, amid Smithfieldian noises and patriotic cries, went to work at their simple object, and as a deserted house could make no valid objections, soon had their will of it. This was first to rifle and then to burn it.

Among the marauders present, perhaps the first in respect with the body, was Tilley the fisherman. He was not butcher enough to assist at Dodshaw's execution, but found his powers well fitted to fishing in the burning embers of a nobleman's mansion. As the public disorder grew worse, his rheumatism had grown better; and another change was, that his gratitude became absorbed in his patriotism, and entirely forgetting what he had owed to the higher classes through hard winters, and particularly for a late subscription in his favour, was now with others set to prey upon Corinthian capitals.

With many helps, Tilley's son Tom on this occasion acted as his chief aid, carried his orders and prompted his recollections. Tom

was a regular boy of five patches, which showed that his spiritual had been worked as well as his bodily part, for the broadest patch of all points to sedentary thinking. Though born tolerably mature, with the forcing atmosphere that had lately prevailed he had ripened in intellect and stature, and without losing the ability of a boy acquired some of the qualities of a man.

While the danger was yet some distance off, a comrade of the commoners then on the march, who wished to eat on both sides of his jaws at once, and had no motive but his wish, wriggled himself into Madam Folsom's house, even by default of her maid into her presence. Being received with a stare of dignity that was rather affecting? he said, How do, Madam Folsom; I believe you have forgotten me? Sir, I believe you have forgotten your hat, replied Madam Folsom. The intruder having uncovered, proceeded to reveal alarming designs, not only against Mr Ellery's house, but that he was in. This was received with a calmness to him unaccountable, and he was still more surprised

at being shown the door, and allowed to leave it without being the better for his speculation.

The sack took some time, for the house was a rich one, and even at last many begrudged the flames things of convenience or beauty. The wretched disorder inside increased as piles ever growing but never rising fed contention without. The speed of exportation was adapted to the shortness of time the port would be open, and the success of adventurers to their capacity for tonnage and character as a good fighting craft. Feather beds and mattresses fell unhurt to the ground, tables wandered away on living legs, rich chairs scattered through all the neighbouring streets, even knee-high robbers were seen toddling off with pillows thicker than themselves, and women half smothered in house linen and damask curtains, abused others who were rather waiting a lading than already full, or contested their felonious rights against male pirates, who made it their business to waylay rich prizes.

If design sometimes did the plunderers

wrong, haphazard was also an enemy. An old dame invisible in bed furniture wished to avoid a man loaded with high crockery, and running directly into him tumbled both to the ground without hurting her own. A boy with his head in a hip-bath, warned to beware of a large French mirror, charged it vigorously through the middle, and withdrew his weapon without fetching blood. A man walking backwards with the end of a stair carpet was assaulted by a woman bearing a toilet glass and silver candlesticks, with a shovel for her sword arm. Turning to defend himself, the carpet glided away with a serpentine movement and was lost to view. But the battle being won by him, he captured two branches instead. The profit was great but the destruction greater, and the squabbling and fighting still rife, when shavings and turpentine having been laid, the smoke and heat drove everybody away from the house as well as the street. The light of the fire was afterwards said to have been seen at Providence, and the noise of the swearing heard in Connecticut.

At this point Tom Tilley taking a short run

gave a dig into his father's back that made his parent stagger. What yer beant so chairful fur? inquired the latter as he turned round with an angry look.

Poppy, said Tom, ye isn't agwine to feegit Marm Folsom is he? Hush, replied the elder, I'm agwine to speak to hern right away. Accordingly he directly shouted out: Boys, after E comes F, that's my larning. Don't forget old Folsom, she was allers a rubbin a penny off of fresh mackerel, and bet down big bass as it couldn't live. She is as ugly as a sea woodcock and proud as Mr. Champlin. Hurrah for independence, now we's gittin ourn! I knows the old shark's house, I doos right well.

As the shouting of the crowd and the reflection of their smutty fires on the night came nearer, Madam Folsom, with severe pangs and in great haste, but yielding to a necessity of self-preservation, quitted her home by a back-door and plunged into the dark. Her flight was easier because forearmed. She had some days before sent her horses into the country for change of air. She had already shipped more than one assorted cargo to a port of safety,

and since then retained on her premises a hired indefatigable, as sedan chairs were called, then commonly used at Newport. If not so speedy as a chariot it was more humble, and more easily hid away before starting and less likely to be challenged afterwards. For as long a time she had kept a change of linen, done up in a bundle among a good many other bundles, and toilet articles lying out like peaches in a handkerchief ready to be tied up. Her certificate of marriage with the late Folsom, enclosed in a more ancient letter of proposal from Fitzgibbon, was to be placed in her long pocket as a sort of charm, very unlike but still after the fashion of the Lady of Comus. She was puzzled to decide which was the more valuable, but as they related to the same subject she resolved to carry both.

The two chairmen had fed full at her kitchen board, and been allowed to run on her old cognac at will, with a view to keep them in the highest working order. One was named Barney and the other Bragg, and both were known to Madam Folsom, for she had before employed them. Her old maid, the only

domestic she allowed to cumber her retreat, though failing in her seven senses and otherwise of precarious constitution, had been too long kept on the *qui vive*, and through want of sleep and the wearing dislike to having two strange men planted on the settle, found at the point her powers so weakened that she could not see in the dark nor hear when her mistress did not speak to her. But if inefficient she was obliging, and not being able to do anything did not object to anything that was to be done. Madam Folsom herself was more nervous than resigned; indeed the leaving her comfortable room, even her warm bed, for the last time, for the chilling air of an autumn night, under circumstances that accused the public justice and morality, perhaps with the prospect of poverty before her, and fleeing from sure violence and outrage, had for her more wonder than satisfaction.

Nevertheless though there was no choice there was a way; and the hand-coach being ready at the back gate, the bundles were quickly tumbled in, together with a half-john of the old liquor, intended to keep the powers

of Barney and Bragg on the stretch along the road. Madam Folsom had observed that men always take a glass of brandy on the eve of great enterprises; and as safety in this case must depend on her human animals, she was determined that courage and conduct should not fail them. The carriage, though a fine double-seated indefatigable, and rather large, was so small that at the last Madam Folsom's night dress was obliged to be hung round Bragg's neck, and Barney also was invested with some of the patient maid's underclothes.

The mistress was obliged to allay the fears of her insensible maid by assuring her that she was going with her, and to reconcile her to the sacrifice by hoping they might come back again, and squeezing in after her face to face, to suggest that getting under the bundles rather than on them would make sitting down more bearable, which was now impossible. The obsequious maid silently assented, and directly found her corner sink with a severe jolt, bringing upon her the concentred pressure of all the moveables inside. She could hardly breathe, but it was of no consequence, for she

probably would not have spoken without. But Madam Folsom, holding up by the coach window, in great alarm, loudly demanded of Barney to know what was the matter with his legs, adding that he was surely killing her maid. Barney admitted that an accident had happened to the off standard which had caused the sudden declension.

Decapitate the other instantly then, exclaimed Madam Folsom, so as to produce uniformity of descent, for this askewed state is insufferable. How long is it since you were inspected? Barney did better than this. The indefatigable it appeared had been constructed to kneel like an elephant, and strapping up the sound limb, as this arrangement of the builder enabled him to do, the interior condition was improved; but the senseless maid though she did not complain had not yet reason to be content.

Resolved to apply at the earliest period and to exhibit regularly to the end her principle of stimulants, Madam Folsom had here, unaided by her maid who was still apathetic, got the cork out of the john and some of the contents

too, and steering the glass steadily through the window, Mr Bragg, said she, please help yourself and then hand it to Mr. Barney. Mr. Bragg did all this, but Mr. Barney's long arm sweeping round the corner with an empty glass, shewed that owing to Bragg's complete performance, something more was necessary before the politeness would avail him. This was supplied, and roused by the refreshment, the indefatigable raised itself to a level and set off at a pace which ordinarily a walk, could under circumstances of fatal urgency and misfortune, as was now proved, rise to something like a run.

Shooting up the street and down another, turning a corner short and passing a gully-hole at large, meeting now and then only a dark figure on its way to the focus of excitement, they soon left the street lights behind. The voyage, if not always continuous, was per severing. A few hours it was reckoned without accident would bring them to the latitude of Dawkins; nor was the indefinite estimate much demented by the result. Doubtless they were flying from the jaws of pursuit, at least

it appeared so to Madam Folsom. But whenever the speed slackened, as it often did, getting ready her elixir of strength, she called a halt and put to the grateful men, with flattering words from the window, what renewed their zeal. She seemed to think escape would be accomplished only when she had run through the means provided for it.

The maid had long passed from the shallows of conversation to the depths of thought, but her mistress relieved the tedium by inquiries about the seats of the gentry they passed, first of Bragg, then of Barney, and the estates in the neighbourhood or historical scenes. It proved however that to converse was to dawdle. Bragg had been out in the Quaker war, and Barney heard from his Celtic grandfather the long story of that fearful night when king Philip's head tied up in an apron crossed the island to Fogland ferry, and the war was so long and the head so diverting, that Madam Folsom, rather than be captured, was forced to stop with an opposing flood the current she had invited. But when at more than mid journey, the burning of the Ellery homestead

reddened the welkin and really made the way easier, she thought the danger greater and their progress more lingering than ever, and hurriedly applying the remedy with unexampled profuseness, perhaps drowned it in its own excess.

It was yet long before daylight, but at no great distance from their goal, when the career that had promised to be successful was closed. A singular swagging from side to side, at either end of the indefatigable, had for some time drawn attention. But suddenly the vehicle, giving a bump forwards and rearing its hinder end, threw the occupant of the hind seat on her face, and displaying in the air for a moment, went to one hand and came to the ground with violence on its side. A mouse-like squeak from the quiet maid marked the event; but Madam Folsom's earliest recollection, though her respite of consciousness was short, found herself planted upright, with half her body out of the window, immersed in darkness and silence. Clambering completely out, with more difficulty than speed, she wished to put her foot to the ground, but it recoiled with

instinctive horror from what she took to be the dead body of either Barney or Bragg. Again she ventured, and happily avoiding what before had shocked her, rushed she knew not whither, but it was to the side of the road, and stumbling over the first stone that offered, fell prostrate and again insensible under the fence.

The indefatigable itself was not more dumb or still than the human sufferers, and long perhaps would they have lain so without extraneous aid. Happily this was not far off. Soon after break of day, at least in the fresh hours, Betsey Dawkins' harmless husband strolled out to get what news he could from the agitated capital. The morning air was cool, the benets fat with moisture, and Betsey's old horse, tired with eating all night, was gaping in the middle of his pasture. But before the early riser heard anything of the progress of revolution or strayed far along the high road, he met among the wayside thistles what he took to be a dead woman, its face to the ground, with a wet mullen keeping watch over it. It looked to have lain there through

the chilling dews of the whole night. His ready reflection was, How she ever cum so? A second look showed the lines to be very unlike the female Pagans in that neighbourhood, and he was sure it must belong to the privileged classes. The simple man had an awe of his betters as well as of death, and a very straightforward eye, for the indefatigable that lay a few yards off, with several persons as quiet as grave-stones in and about it, was never seen by him.

Nearing the sacred body he ventured to lift the end of a shawl, and displayed to view something more strange than he had ever seen in the caparisons of fashion. Betsey Dawkins only wore a piece of old rope or anything that offered, sometimes for medical reasons a snake-skin, round her middle. But the shape here, outside of the frock or there was no frock, was squeezed between slats of steel, covered though not entirely in stout duck, and long as a walking-cane, looked as if the female-man had been battened with fence-pales. Dropping the shawl he ran back to his home to tell the wonder, and fetch help, and shortly the whole

house turning out, the body was seen and soon recognised to be the lady Folsom in piteous plight and complete evanishment. The ill woman met with the ready kindness that misfortune, and particularly a lady of fortune, always claims from the poorer classes. She was carried tenderly to the inn, where her boxes and trunks were already in store, and as her needs required at once put to bed.

The care given to the principal figure in the picture of misery was shared by the subordinates. The faculty present settled the case of Barney and Bragg to be neither rare nor alarming, requiring only time in large doses for a cure, and in consequence they were carried by supplemental hinds and left to themselves in a hay barn. The gentle maid could with difficulty wink her eyes, but would by no means open her mouth. Born somewhere in the home counties she had lived with Madam Folsom ever since the latter had been a Folsom, indeed stuck to her through life like a post obit. Her name was Chaplain, and she was known in Newport as Madam Folsom's chaplain. Indeed she often read prayers to her,

and on Sundays when the sun was said to be crossing the equator, went through the church service as if she had always worn a gown. She buried a lapdog in a way to make every one thoughtful, and united in marriage two cage canaries in a most impressive manner.

Every one always found it impossible to say what ailed the Chaplain, though her malady now was probably in part owing to this, that not having force of character proper for dynastic changes, she had allowed herself to travel on an empty stomach, and then to be bruised by the accidents of the road. The hardest diagnosis of all however concerned Madam Folsom's dress. But even here the symptoms yielded a result, and this was that the article was a corset or pair of corsets. Though the rural women, in their ignorance of high life, loudly proclaimed that such a kind had never before been seen in Ameriky, and never before did any one hear of wearing corsets outside a dress.

Indeed, the unfortunate lady had received from the mother country, since her preparations for flight, and a few hours before the

chequered day that was followed by a shocking night, a pair of the newest-devised stays, called ladies' improved Dianas, from Mrs. Veal, the female outfitter in High Holborn, who besides fitting the princesses and fine ladies on the one side, also did business with high dames *outre mer*. On the previous night, her hurried toilet, often hurried by terror of being too late for dinner, but never before of not being soon enough to have her house burnt down, was already completed when she thought of the stays. To do so was to see that she could not possibly leave them behind, though she could not see how it was possible to take them with her. In a packet they would be as awkward in an indefatigable as a fishing-rod, and in any confusion probably lost.

The stays had been six months in making, and three months in coming, and not doubting she would have time and opportunity to dress before anything remarkable presented itself, besides the reasons to be found in an irreproachable fit, it occurred to Madam Folsom that if Morpheus could tame the savage brutes by playing on an old flute to them, it was more

than to be expected that amenities of shape might have effect to frighten plebeian rudeness and mitigate any fate that awaited her. The argument of personal security among others was forcible. Disordered by the bellowings of the friends of freedom, who seemed unwilling to wait, by the impatience of her carriers, who were equally urgent to go, there was little time for thought but just enough for decision, and looking first right and then left to see that her maid had left the room, she had clapped on her new coat of mail over all, and covering the stays with a shawl, embarked with her fortune.

Her condition now required all the nursing that Betsey Dawkins could give to it. Anxiety, fatigue, the effort to bear a stiff front against ill-fortune, and self-command amid what seemed the wreck of all her friends, with her other comforts, and not least the lying so long in a morning fog on the wet grass, had their effect. Her fire of life was lowered to the point of slumbering, only to find all the evil spirits of her cosmogony in uproar, when roused from her torpor. There was no doctor to be had, the only practitioner near having on the eve

decamped from his creditors, or in other words hearing how the populace were demanding lives right and left, and thinking on what he owed in common with his profession for advances of this kind, sudden liquidation being out of the question, he had run away.

The day was far advanced before returning consciousness at all encouraged Betsey to believe that a high-bred constitution like Madam Folsom's could outlive such hardships. Among the earliest favourable signs were chattering teeth and low words in a plaintive voice: It is cold, my dear, very cold. Betsey had already lighted a fire and the crackling flame was shooting up a chimney six feet wide, dragging with it all the winds of Æolus from every crack and side of the room. But on this hint she lifted the figure like a child, to raise the head with an extraordinary bag of feathers, and cover the shoulders with more woollens. She supplemented the bed-clothes with comforters on top, and inserted another in the shape of an agricultural frying as expedient for a warming-pan, then considered the first

article in housekeeping and prime guard in illness.

The surrounding heat was like to be sufficing, but if not, the inside glow must have been considerable, since for several hours the invalid had been plied with hot ginger tea, whenever her mouth opened, until it refused to open more. Whether owing to these efforts or natural causes, the ill lady's state at last took a surprising turn. A deeply-flushed face and very bright eyes seemed to give the anxious attendant certainty instead of hope, not thinking that the fuel of life was consuming with speed that could not last without being fatal. It was rather alarming, but still confirming the idea of recovery, when the patient, suddenly endowed with strength, sat up in bed and throwing off with contempt much of the covering that oppressed her, dismounted her vinegar rags and hot flannels as well.

You say the box of diamonds is missing she spoke in a strong voice. Dawkins had some time before broken this bad news to her, though without seeming to be heard or at least

understood. I am glad of it, she continued. Bring all my India mulls and put them on that fire right away—that fire I say. Not being quickly obeyed, she began to strip the ruffles from her night dress and tossed the pieces with a will, but they fell at quarter distance. Still, as if to indicate a meaning that seemed doubtful, she pulled off a ring and with true aim lodged it in the coals. Another and again another, until her artillery was silenced for want of jewels. Soon however she was fumbling with unsteady or unskilful hand at her false front, but not yielding readily, violence at last brought it away, together with the whole cheveluresque structure, and sent it flying into the same furnace of despair.

Take all the gold in that box, she said with an expression to which the naked head gave extraordinary wildness. Tell Pynchon to acquit all the debtors to the estate, enter satisfaction on all the mortgages, burn all the bonds, discharge all the tenants their rents, and make them a present of their holdings. Write Strahan to sell out everything in the funds, and distribute the money on Wed-

nesdays and Saturdays in Clare-market, or every day at noon in the Strand. I am going before a Judge! I shall have no use for these things—shall not want them any more! Bodies may want them, but not a spirit. Poverty now is only want of sweet reflections, of good deeds, of grateful hearts. A single look of thankfulness is worth more than all the fortunes of all the heiresses in all the world.—Betsey Dawkins said to one of her womenfolk that if poor Madam Folsom was not so kind, she should think she was crazy. But indeed while the delirium of her fever lasted, the suffering lady was perhaps both.

The public distress now shortly increased, the sound of battle was very near, and in the midst of the smoke and confusion Madam Folsom died. She was buried by Betsey in the apple orchard, without the rites of the church, but with a funebral panegyric from Bragg, and congregational music all round. Her maid, as might have been expected, who had exceeded her in weakness, preceded her in decease, and was accommodated with a shelter in the same ground, where the falling fruits of Autumn,

with a dull sound, would remind her of the cheerful world she had left.

As friends and relatives did not appear, a neighbouring blacksmith, on Betsey's application, took out letters of administration, and breaking open Madam Folsom's packages divided the contents into three parts, all of which went to the only creditor present. Betsey became very proud to her husband and cross to her inferiors, but supported and favoured Barney and Bragg like emigrant princes, who as long as the adverse rule lasts cannot return to their capital and country. She wore something new every Sunday; but the wardrobe lasted longer than herself, and like others who unaccountably fall away from ample provision, she died before she had got half through the dresses.

## CHAPTER XIII.

On the Sunday when Hartley returned from the disastrous delivery of his political sermon in Trinity, he went directly to his room, and, as was his custom on evil emergencies, shut himself up for some time in prayer and meditation. On coming out he was vexed to find that Mr. Fitzgibbon was abroad, on what business no one knew and when to return nobody could tell. In addition to the objections to his failing at church, and his now being gone out without leave, the Doctor missed him very much, for it was essential to his overloaded reflections that he should share with his friend

the late extraordinary events at the earliest In time, however, Fitzgibbon returned, and that night as the two sat over a roasted hen in the study, the usual termination of the Sunday, the Doctor had the opportunity he wished for.

Hartley portrayed the course of events, from the time he entered the desk until he came down out of the pulpit, with considerable particularity. But it was not, he said, until he had begun the damnable Athanasian creed, that he saw undoubted cause for anxiety. You would say damnatory, replied Fitzgibbon, but perhaps we both mean the same thing. Upon the whole, however, the exciting detail was listened to with not less attention than related with earnestness.

Fitzgibbon was lost in wonder and uneasy sensations; but to Hartley's discomfort his indignation against the populace seemed less marked than his reprehension of the Doctor's imprudence. He was at a loss to know how one who had been brought up for the church, and lived so long in the world, should, without consulting his friends, conceive and enter on a design that had ended so disreputably.

Success is no proof of a good plan, said the Doctor. No, but the want of it is sure evidence of a bad one, replied Fitzgibbon. Did you not once tell me, inquired the Doctor, that I might roast particulars as much as I pleased? Yes, said Fitzgibbon, individually or by the way of separate example, but to put a whole nation, or what is worse a whole congregation on the spit, is a gigantic cookery I should never have thought any clerical Titan would dream of. You have certainly missed your dose of hellebore this time.

The Doctor still seemed disposed to hold by the obligations of his cloth and the justness of his conduct. Was it not my duty as a priest, said he, to reprove the enormous wickedness I saw around me, growing every day, and no one could tell where it would end? The duty of a priest, replied Fitzgibbon, is to be all things to all men; but certainly a straightforward course like that, regardless of the consequences to yourself, giving offence to rich people, perhaps highly respectable persons, was not priestly conduct.

Am I not bound to utter the truth, said

Hartley, in season and out of season? I never heard of such a doctrine, returned Fitzgibbon, at least I never knew it so shamelessly spoken. Do you not know, my friend, that all the men who rise in the church do so by discretion? This may save their souls, but at any rate it has given them good livings, a visible and important object, but the other distant and contingent, whose value must depend a good deal on whether they have any souls and other circumstances. A clergyman's first effort should be to get a sphere of usefulness, for without that how can he be useful? and it is plain that a sphere is to be got by the ordinary methods of acquisition, and kept by the ordinary rules of being decent and not offending people.

I have a consciousness of right, persisted Hartley, that nothing can take from me. I shall not try to do so any more, said Fitzgibbon. If you are not conscious of having done wrong, I shall take another glass of punch. Conscience is very often nothing but chopped tobacco, but consciousness is smoke itself, any man with a pipe has it. You have given yourself an odour of sanctity that will

make you smell of sacred political folly to the end of your days. You have dished your friends and served up the common welfare without regard to cost. You have probably exasperated to irrecoverable issues feelings that might have been composed, and precipitated to the final reason of things public differences that were really in the course of being accommodated. Where you got a barrel of gunpowder to throw on the expiring ashes I cannot tell; but suppose you have been raking among the magazines of the church militant—those old fellows who have done so much in their time to make people feel disagreeable.

Consciousness indeed! continued Fitzgibbon, why I am always conscious of having done right, and yet I am the greatest rogue alive. When you see the innocent fashionable ladies of Newport, and their elegant children, and husbands with dishevelled hair, trooping along the north road, I shall not envy your feelings. I dare say you will not, replied Hartley, for my feelings will be more distressing than enviable, but not more painful I fancy than your own.

Well, my friend, said Fitzgibbon, the worst thought on is the worst done, and it is also true that what is done cannot be helped; but you have put the fat on the fire in such an unexampled manner, I know not what to say. But one thing is clear, you must go to church next Sunday and beginning where you left off, preach it all back again, until you end where you began.

I'll be —— if I do, said the Doctor in his hasty denial. I mean to say that is a course I will never consent to. No, if I go to church next Sunday, as I am sure to do, *Deo volente*, I will add to general grounds a particular instance, and if I do run away—why I am ready to do so again and again if I can do good by it. But I don't see much good in it, said Fitzgibbon, if you always come back again. That is as it may be, replied Hartley, but if the bad can be obstinate at least the good ought to be firm. Fortunately our children are away, and I can stand it out with the best of them. But I wish I had two or three in this room for half an hour, and I tell you what I would do, I would soften them first

with a good flogging, and then preach repentance and the true freedom to them.

Fitzgibbon still disapproving and very much regretting the Doctor's course, would have preferred to see him valiant in any direction but this. He had, however, a story of his own to tell, and willing to change a subject that could not be longer profitably pursued, he said: There is dear Madam Folsom, she reminds me of you in her brave overcoming of difficulties. Of me? returned the Doctor: on the contrary I have a very womanly heart, but Madam Folsom is quite a masculine spirit. If you ever see us in a great battle together, you will find out the difference. But how dear Madam Folsom? certainly you have very much changed.

I have been softened without a flogging, replied Fitzgibbon. I have been to see her to-day and sat with her several hours. The times are no times for the artificial and austere, but throw every one back on the natural and true; you know little of my parentage, little of my history. I have always believed you, said the Doctor, to be a natural child of the

Man of Feeling by one who surely had the milk of human kindness. But I confess this change surprises me.

Fitzgibbon, refilling his pipe and adjusting himself in his seat, was making ready for a tale which the other awaited with eagerness. Hartley, said he, you have heard me speak of Lucy Springett? You have heard me relate, to you and Malbone, an occurrence in church, even our secret conferences, before nobody but the footman? I have, replied the Doctor, and what then? You are aware how greatly I was involved, continued Fitzgibbon, how deeply I loved? I am not, said Hartley; it must have been a great cycle ago, but I can imagine. Without exaggeration, said Fitzgibbon, it was from the ends of my hair to the nails on my toes. I can hardly take in such an extensive passion, objected the Doctor; but no matter, it was natural, and I always like what is natural. Picture to yourself Lucy Springett, said Fitzgibbon; fix the idea well in your mind. Well, he proceeded, Lucy Springett is Madam Folsom and Madam Folsom is Lucy Springett.

Hartley's surprise was as great as the sudden solution of any mystery could have caused him. But his feelings were not made up only of wonder. There were hidden reasons why his embarrassment should equal his astonishment; and indeed his signs of distress were not only different from but something over and above the ordinary tokens of bewilderment. He sat gasping for breath under a load of self-blame. With a sensibility to wrong which is often accompanied with a confused judgment, it seemed to him his conduct might be likened to that of ——, who married her own child. He had a sacred view of friendship, and Fitzgibbon was more than a friend, he was a brother. If his keenest self-reproaches lay on the side of Fitzgibbon, there was yet a good deal left for Malbone. How had a few weeks made his too severe though sincere reprobation of the latter's conduct, for at that time his own behaviour was unknown, hypocritical and false, and how would it seem so to Fitzgibbon! These were his thoughts, and the last was: Well, nothing remains for it but the box with one seat in it, and here it goes.

John, he began with a cast of features that seemed to his companion very odd if not alarming, I too have a confession to make; but I will first move away these things before you. Shortly after Madam Folsom's visit about the rhinoceros, I—I offered her my hand. O, was that all? replied Fitzgibbon; surely you might do that after so long an acquaintance. I see nothing remarkable in that.

It was necessary, continued Hartley, to hunt for some information about the creature, in order that she might know how to behave to it, how to treat it; though its coming here seems to have brought nothing but mischief. I knew its *habitat* was in Eastern countries, and unwisely—I acknowledge it—took down Paul and Virginia, expecting to find it mentioned in that. I found nothing about the unicorn, but dear me what a book it is!—is it true? What a picture of innocent love it draws! what transparent manners! Old as I am it gave me an irresistible desire to live over again and upon a better plan. I longed to act over what I read there, and thought I should be able to do so very well. Yes,

entranced and bewildered by that extraordinary book, or excited by Miss Hartley's approaching affair, or thrown off my centre by the political troubles, I cannot tell what, I cannot tell how, I sued Madam Folsom——

What, in the name of sense, Hartley, interposed Fitzgibbon—what possible claim can you —— I sued her, I wooed her, continued the Doctor, to accept me in marriage.

Unconscious traitor! exclaimed Fitzgibbon, now for the first time catching the Doctor's meaning. If I wore a sword I would certainly draw it. Listen, listen, said Hartley. She refused. She said I brought her a very good character, but her establishment did not require any one at present. Angelic creature! added Fitzgibbon, she has saved you from tumbling into another life in a state of unpreparedness, and me from doing what I should always have regretted. She said, continued Hartley, she could never forget one who had never ceased to reign in her heart. I thought she meant Sir Thornbury of course. But I now know it was you. It was you I am convinced.

Well, Hartley, I forgive you, said Fitz-

gibbon, you are only to blame for giving the rein to feelings that a fresh old man like you ought to keep under better government. But it seems you have been acting *Taurus* in *Iphigenia* yourself rather than the reverse—well, what amends do you mean to make poor Malbone? Your giddy enterprise has failed, and perhaps it imported to my self-love that you should be so promptly declined.

But, said the Doctor, as if his thoughts had taken a new turn, my feelings are not altogether satisfactory. Is it possible, said Fitzgibbon, and did you expect them to be otherwise? No, no, said the Doctor; but that I should have made my honourable overtures to one whom you had so many years before rejected, perhaps cast off—it is not exactly a proper position of things. I cannot say I entirely like it. My dear friend, returned Fitzgibbon, you are a religious man and ought to be a humble one, and when a doctor in divinity goes a roving, he must not, he ought, not to expect that the respectable shall always keep pace with the agreeable.

In a very few days the look of public affairs

had become decidedly more black and louring. The air was filled with alarming reports. The horizon all round was so studded with outrages and dangers, that no one could doubt the hour for flitting was not far off. Instead of its being likely that the Doctor would find himself at church on the next Sunday, that seemed already one of the things that had passed into the impossible, and indeed, as the end showed, he had pressed his pulpit cushion for the last time, and never saw his old church again. He was still sustained by his convictions; and instead of any share of self-reproach for the general misery, as Fitzgibbon had expected, he rather felt a secret pride at having thrown his sacrifice into the caldron to which so many had contributed. He could bear with equal mind the idea of further losses; his property was valuable, but whose was not so? his home was dear to him, but what lodge had not its lovers? His sorrow for persons and families already struck at was great, his anger against the evildoers extreme, his blood was up, and though not likely to fight, he was manfully resolved to run away.

Throughout an anxious day, the messengers of ill from the kitchen door to the parlour were frequent, but their accounts so confused, that towards night Fitzgibbon set out as a civil scout to gain information. Without much knowledge of the mode of operating in an enemy's country, he was aware of Cæsar's rule for light infantry, that the legionary should always cover another, or be himself covered, though at present it was only half the principle that could be applied. Even this was difficult. After leaving the grounds of Whitehall, the fences seemed few, the stumps fewer, and large bare spaces left without anything at all to get behind. But Fitzgibbon was convinced, however useless to a runaway, that a man of courage could not do without these defences.

He kept the avenue at first, and then the road out of sight, and took the longest way to a point from which he saw what seemed vast incendiary fires, but they shortly proved to be the setting sun. Very big bats were wheeling about his head, an evening mist falling, when got to the bottom of a prickly old field, that had a gentle fall to the south, he saw a man

standing still in the distance. As Fitzgibbon shut and opened his eyes to clear his sight, the man began to walk towards him. Not willing to meet in the brown, rather the part of folly than bravery, an unknown person, possibly of adverse politics to his own, and having no wish to hurt him for mere difference of opinion about constitutional rights, upon which the most virtuous and able men were known to be in discord, he turned and retreated. As he did so he found, on again wiping his eyeballs, that the man followed him. At once surmising that his object was to get up with him, and resolved to thwart what might be an inconvenient design, he took to running, but on throwing his head behind him it appeared that the man had done the same.

At this moment somebody caught Fitzgibbon by his trews behind, and upsetting his balance moral as well as physical, brought him to the ground on his face. Give me my life! he exclaimed, without seeing his assailant; my politics have always been moderate. I have always resisted taxation with much representation. I refuse to drink stamps, and never buy

tea. I am opposed to being carried to the mother country for trial. I favour extemporary prayers, and think the Church service too long; my morals have always been doubtful, and habits popular, indeed my views are much advanced.

But getting no answer to his declarations of laxity, which could hardly do him injustice if they saved his life, Fitzgibbon raised himself slowly on end to find his original pursuer vanished, and nothing near him but a big bramble. This had a guilty look, and soon there was no doubt on his mind but it was the bramble had pulled him with such a living action. Pleased with his narrow escape, he made his way back to his friends, and reported the country quiet but excessively dangerous.

Though the reconnoissance was not very fruitful, it seemed to show that it was no longer safe to wander out of doors, and for one or two days the Doctor employed his household, with the general good will, for everybody's feelings leaned to sober engagements, in a course of Archbishop Tillotson's sermons. He mingled with the second-hand preaching old

church songs and hymns. These he deemed good for bracing the nerves, and thought, like the ring of a smith's hammer, they would clinch the armour the Archbishop had failed to tighten. Though nobody had lately gone from the house to Newport, and nobody come from thence, the principal events in the destructive drama, with the exception of Madam Folsom's flight, by means that bad news always has at command though never yet accounted for, were already known. The several effect was strong, but their joint working put the moral forces of the inmates to a severe test. Still the Doctor and Fitzgibbon, from duty as well as policy, kept up a cheerful hue of mind, and it was only the coloured attendants who cried a good deal.

Ptolemy, in addition to the coming ill, had reproaches for past folly to bear. His love affairs it seemed always plagued him like the rheumatism in bad weather. Dinah could not live so long with one who carried about him an atmosphere of love, without being affected by the vapour, and like all who listened to Ptolemy's suit had more pleasure in his words

than satisfaction with his constancy. In one of these sombre days, she seized occasion, while peeling, a chicken to open up her wrongs.

Stop thar,—said Ptolemy—if you means to attack my honour, I repels the attempt with ignominy. If you alleges that I is ever—never. I is allers been faithful, not happy in my collections perhaps, but royal in my objects. Anyways, said Dinah sobbing, while she stripped off a long piece of skin, you has not done much for my happiness. I wishes you all the happiness, replied Ptolemy, any can have in a state studded with tenpenny nails. Life is a werry uneven platform—there is few democrats as is entirely pleased with it, I think. Oh, that you would only talk sense as you used to was! interrupted Dinah.

What in the name of plurality is you to complain of? continued Ptolemy; do tell me now. You is fat as a reed bird, and fattier every night nor you is in the mornin. Unlike the lubly specimens of you sex that is improperly fed, you is allers a eatin or digestin. You is suckled with sauces every day of your life, you knows you is. You cried like meat that's

a fryin when you is born, an you is liked simmerin noises ever since. You is a decided willian, said Dinah in a climax of anger. You'se sensibilities, still proceeded Ptolemy, simply has reference to rich gravies, an youse affections is sot on what pleases your parrot: the things you affects you eats.

Dinah was more than commonly exasperated by these words, but there was something in the time that made rage a close neighbour to grief, and weeping over her naked poultry she only returned: Arn't you ashamed when poor mass'r is——Ah God a bless him! said Ptolemy, while his features seemed contorting into a vivid fleshly knot that only tears could dissolve. He left the subject of discord for another in which they had joint anxiety and could be harmonious sufferers, and walking away felt a stranger on his hand, and before he got far there were other marks of a sultry shower.

## CHAPTER XIV.

On the last day of the week, some time after breakfast, Fitzgibbon going into the study found the Doctor already there. With a face equally calm and sorrowful he was looking over papers in a cylinder writing-desk; indeed so busy that for some moments he was unaware of Fitzgibbon's presence. He was examining his history as well as his papers, and it seemed to him he had consumed his life, like King Alfred's candle, down to the black band. Is it indeed necessary, thought Fitzgibbon to himself, that this good man must fly like a thief in the morning, from this comfortable home? Is there

no power will save this priestly gentleman and his pictures, among other things, from wolves and popular panthers?

Soon, however, Hartley turned round with a sad affectionate air and said: John, is that you; where have you been? I have been getting the fowling-pieces together, and instructing the dogs in their duty, replied Fitzgibbon; I have laid out Bishop Berkeley's pistols—if the lead gives out the door knobs will do, I have just tried one. Cook has got a new dishclout, and is altogether in the cheeriest state of mind. She answers fully for the kitchen, which after all must be considered our citadel. Phil says he has used a poker before now, and if they are not women, he will be able to resist any number. My poor people, said Hartley, so long living under the blessings of peace and normal institutions, they have no idea of what a leonine power is popular passion.

John, he continued as he left his task, let us go to our exercises, or we shall have bad thoughts. Call Phil. Seating himself at the organ that had long stood in the room, and which he touched with knowledge, but at the

present time with more than skill, his foot rose and fell and his body kept time with his foot. He played an impromptu *miserere* of singular beauty, which spoke too well the cry of mortal distress. His fervent stricken look was turned upwards, his thoughts fixed in the same direction, while rolling solid tears showed how great was his comfort. Seeing Fitzgibbon and Phil on either side of him, he preluded without a break into Purcell's air, and all three joined voices, with more truth and half tones than usual, in

Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak but Thou art mighty,
Hold me in Thy powerful hand.

The priceless old melody, with Phil for first tenor, went well on its course, and had reached, When I tread the verge of Jordan, O bid my anxious fears subside, but was fated to go no further. A solitary housemaid and remnant stable boy, both in wild alarm, broke into the study to cut the useful music short. They came to report what had just been brought by a friend out of breath, that the urban militia

had marched out before mid-day towards Vaucluse, the seat of a loyal provincial and comfortable man, with the certified intention, after doing their will there, to seek the preacher of Trinity at his country home. The Doctor in conference with Fitzgibbon had adopted the principle never to let these zealots for the least good of the greatest number get nearer to them than ten miles or thereabouts, a measure that seemed to combine the longest protection of the haggard with sufficient safety to persons. By this rule they had already stayed too long, and there was the greater need to hurry in their going.

The shay was soon at the door, for it had been packed and made ready every night for a week, and the horse that was to draw it, fed every day for as long a time. But if their material preparations were perfect, their spiritual provisions were not yet complete. On the very eve of departure the Doctor looked towards the library, and going into it with Fitzgibbon closed the door.

Here we have long been happy, here we ought to have learned to be miserable, said

the Doctor. How still it is! replied Fitzgibbon, how calm they are! If Democritus could walk outside the window, don't you think they will follow us? Would they could do so, said the Doctor; would that every folio had legs, or all of them like the souls in Buonarotti's heaven were winged. But the life with which they are instinct is spirit, and that will go with us if we have imbibed it in our own. See the Elzevirs, how pure they look! said Fitzgibbon, see—

But here the Doctor, whose eyes peering from shelf to shelf seemed in search of something they would not willingly miss, and could not readily find: I do not see—can you tell—I wrote poison on it and put it out of the way, said Fitzgibbon. There are noxious plants in all gardens, but fewer here than elsewhere, that gathered by foolish hands and distilled in weak brains—Enough, said the Doctor.

See, continued Fitzgibbon, Olivet's Tully, how eloquent! see the Port Royal Livy, how grand! prose and poet of the masters of the world majestic, the Byzantine writers picturesque but sad, the early men of France, De

Thou, St. Martin, with what a Gothic freshness! O Froissart, who shall ever come near thee! O Rabelais, who crack nuts and not think of thee! O Gregory of Tours! O Montaigne! O——

Have done, gently interposed the Doctor, oppressed by this long detail, we are here not to praise them but to part—alas when to come together again! Kiss the Benedictines for me, and say a prayer for the last time with Saint Chrysostom. Think only of the City of God, for indeed there is no other remaining to us. O Nazianzen, how little have I studied you, considering my time was so short! And leading Fitzgibbon by one hand in silence to the middle of the floor, the Doctor first, and then Fitzgibbon by his side, knelt down, with dewy faces that seemed the original home of sadness.

O some of the greatest, O wisest! began the Doctor, looking the length of the library with reverence,—that the world has ever seen—— All the greatest and best, interrupted Fitzgibbon, they are all here. True, said the Doctor,—O great and good men that have salted the earth, and lifted the soul of human-

ity out of lucre and lust——All beside them is lucre and lust, again interposed Fitzgibbon. True, said the Doctor,—O rare spirits, excepted out of the perishable nature! O ancient candles that lighten whole countries, and shine across oceans, never consuming, never flickering, that burn for centuries of years and outlast mortal generations! if some little of your rays have rested in our heart, if one spark of your goodness have lodged in our bosom, if we have not lived so long with ye without profit, to part from ye now without good, give us straight thoughts and strong thoughts to bear with the ill we know not.

If on barren days we fall, continued the Doctor, to be full in ye, if on pain and poverty to be rich in ye, calm like philosophers, firm like heroes, humble like men. And thou, Paul, wreathed head among laurelled princes, who couldst fight with wild beasts at Ephesus, give us a little of thy fence and a good deal of thy skill. But chiefly and first Thou, Paul's Master, who mouldest life for each one of us, who guidest the ways of all, who pitiest when they suffer, hearest when they

cry, look down on us thy fearful creatures, contemptible for our weakness, wretched in our self-conceit, unworthy for our sins, ungrateful, unhopeful, unforgiven—O great Saviour! teach us to bow, to bend, to break, to lose the world, but save us only the great inheritance.

Fitzgibbon added a seemingly heartfelt Amen; but for some moments, as if loth to leave solemn thoughts, or beloved companions, they remained kneeling, hand in hand, silent, while the moist eyes of each rested at one point after another of the long retinue of dead. Come, said Hartley as they again got up, time presses. And going with Fitzgibbon to every window in turn, they closed the tall inside shutters and barred and fastened them, with more than usual care, and more than ordinary expedients. The natural though unforeseen result was to darken daylight for the library, soon to end in perfect night. Without losing each other, they lost the direction by which they had entered, and stumbling over a heavy chair, and then against a table, groped about with outstretched arms in vain.

But at last Fitzgibbon, by the happy recognition of the bust of an Antonine, and feeling distinctly, he said, his Roman nose, was enabled to steer with knowledge, and fore went the Doctor, who was holding by his coat tail, to the door. Passing through this, they locked it and housed the key in Hartley's breast-pocket. More than this, by the joint efforts of all present, they moved up the old organ against it, and piling many music books on top and at the sides, with an air of old-established disorder and ancient position, completely hid it. Having no taste for such things, remarked the Doctor, they will never find it out. Dinah, he added, tell them the house ends with this room. They will never smell it, as we should, said Fitzgibbon.

If the leaving his home was painful to the Doctor, the saying good-bye to his servants was part of the sorrow, but he knew how to master his feelings, and carried it with a light hand. Be good boys and girls, said he, though there are only four of you, obey God and mind what Phil and the cook say to you. It was comforting to think the peril attached to his own

person; and while Fitzgibbon had really the post of danger, they who were left behind might only see their master robbed, and hear his respectable name abused. A few words of great trust and secresy to Phil, and the Doctor turned him from streaming eyes, in which if cook played first, Phil himself was second fountain. With a giant Bible under one arm, and six pounds of Common Prayer by the other, his Genevan stuffed in his shovel hat, though the surplice was carefully folded in a portmanteau, he marched out of his study like Argyle going to execution, kind and cheerful, but thinking mostly of heaven.

Fitzgibbon, with no possessions to be sorry for, was leaving behind what he thought a boy might forget because he has so many, but a man of his age must greatly value for the converse reason. And yet it was Madam Folsom perhaps, after the manner of a balancing pannier, saved him from being pulled over by miserable thoughts. But constant in friendship as in love, it was his part to bear up the Doctor when sinking in reflection, and prop

him with opposing aids when failing on the side of home memories.

As they mounted the simple carriage, in which a quadruped was to answer for a pair of wheels, Fitzgibbon remarked how a clergyman's animal was generally vicious and always lazy. And it is fortunate, said the Doctor, a clergyman is to manage him and that is yourself. But the horse, who had been saved like a turkey for Thanksgiving, besides his professional qualities was a patriot who disliked to be driven, and if not permitted to go on two legs seemed resolved not to go at all. Fitzgibbon, however, having been at a public school, had studied the theory of the thong, and always having enjoyed good health was able to use it. In the result the intellectual carried it, and the horse laying back his ears, put his nose out and wished to frighten them with speed whom he had not alarmed by slowness. As they whisked along and at last freed the gate, tipping adieus from finger ends to running adherents, the Doctor spoke to his sole companion: You have forgotten your sword. But not the offence, replied Fitzgibbon.

Their rate of going fell by degrees into soberness, and so did the gentlemen themselves. Neighbours who had always before been too few now seemed to run out from behind every bush and old post to tell them that the army of Huns was some said eight some five, and others only two miles off. But knowing rural annals for superstitious, the travellers gave little heed to them. This people are mad, said the Doctor; how can they ever set up a government, how will they do their business? I don't know, replied Fitzgibbon, but they have done ours I think. I always thought it would come to shay-driving at last, with six clean shirts and a bottle of brandy. But my opinion is they will fester in bad manners, and finally get a big "pusse," and be a great nation, but not in our time, distinguished for cunning and hog English.

They certainly do slobber their words in a most unaccountable manner, said the Doctor, and for weazelly qualities I do not think a weazel could beat them. People might think you and I were prejudiced, said Fitzgibbon, under the peculiar circumstances. I don't

know how that may be, replied Hartley, but whatever may happen, I am convinced good grammar and proper behaviour can only exist under the British crown, and I shall stick to the lion's paws.

What a pity to leave this fine country to the Puritans! again spoke Fitzgibbon. Downcast rascals, returned the Doctor conclusively, with more hypocrisy than other men and worse morals. They draw through their noses on tradition, and speak chopped English on articles of religion. Every man of them had the looks of the keeper of a bagnio, and his principles as well, and the women could be easily taken for procuresses, and were often used as such. A pure offspring has called them godlike men with democratic minds. They were gods chiefly born in Whitechapel, and wholly educated in Field Lane, with democratic minds, if the potential *baudet* had any meaning at all, in the sense of democrats that lived in their divine heads, in constant fear of being cracked on the thumb.

How gentleness lends strength to argument! replied Fitzgibbon, never so severe as when

your words are sweet and loving. They cleared the outports, continued Hartley, like thieves who had broken into the sacristy, and dividing the ancient plate cut up the surplice to carry it off in, with the beadle and his dogs in full cry at the door just as they got out of the window. The justicer's record was sensibly dwindled after their departure. Standish was a knight banneret in Alsatia, and swept a crossing at least by day for a Christian occupation. He paid his charter, however, with run silver, and was battering tea-pots and sugar-basins half way across. Mr. Robinson, before he proceeded in divinity, or at least went to Holland, was doctor of obstetrics to the Bos family in Essex. In addition to practice among the sleek matrons, he had that of brawling in churches, and once played the bellowing patient himself at a cart tail, as appeareth in entry of petty sessions in the strong-room at Chelmsford: Die veneris tertio Martis 1609, Robinson Johannes, vilis homo puritanus et pruriens, by command of Our Lord the King, was whypped from the corn-mill, across No man's land and bock agyn to the butchers'

shambles, for making Margery Daws think ill of herself and puttyng wormwood in the taylor's sack.

Limpidly put, certainly, said Fitzgibbon. They stood in a New England winter, finally continued the Doctor, the picture of harlots shivering in a frost in the Haymarket, quite as miserable and much more wicked. They have propagated the fraudulent form of humanity, and kept the houses of Achzib in repair to the present day.

Coming in sight, after several miles, of the main highway, for Whitehall lay aside and was reached only by cross roads, they saw what was novel and surprising. The horse ordering a halt threw up his head and turning once or twice looked his superiors in the face, as if to ask what it meant. The Doctor and Fitzgibbon, standing up in the chaise, could partake his astonishment but not answer his inquiry. At first it seemed to be a funeral, and then it was taken for a wedding, but indeed was only a long line of vehicles, coming from the south, in close order, at a slow pace, almost a walk. As it came nearer the affluent

on which Fitzgibbon and the Doctor were moored, the coaches, the phaëtons, the buggies, the one-horse chairs, even the sulkies, were alive with outstretched arms, turning like windmills, and what seemed in the distance to be beaming faces nodding very much. As the strange jointed snake wound along, Fitz gibbon and the Doctor, each with a rein in hand, sat down again and pushed slowly on, very thoughtful, for they were still in doubt whether it might not be a new and insidious form of the patriotic evil.

At last they recognized the leaders, or rather the whole flock of Newport fashion in flight. They were not more wonder-struck or overcome with the importance of the event, than delighted at the meeting. The spectacle was a grand one as well as touching. Fluttering out of their gig, like two wild geese escaping from a market cart, they rushed forward, and rejoining their congeners were welcomed with shattering cries of satisfaction. The latter were *en route* for like reasons to those that had moved off the tenants of Whitehall. For more than a week the state of the town,

going from bad to worse, and constantly striking the most terrible alarms, had prepared the bravest for the last step of safety. The point of final separation had been gained, though the sorrow that at other times had been inconsolable, was deadened by dangers that were irresistible. All those who would not or had not sacrificed to the modern Moloch must go out from their homes, or run the danger of being bound hand and foot for unknown ceremonies, and under these circumstances the exodus was numerous and highly respectable.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE flight of the fashionable classes also dragged with it many of their business dependents. Some time before daylight, Coby, following the example of or setting one to other traders, had hurriedly loaded a dray, and placing his wife and few small children in front, got there himself. As if going to fight the Midians, though without a lamp and pitcher, he had set two tallow candles alight in a couple of his wife's bonnets, for fear the wind should put out one, but it soon and contemporaneously extinguished both. He had stolen out by the darkest narrowest street, until

smelling the country air he pushed his horse to a gallop. His course could afterwards be traced the length of the island by thread-spools and pin-papers, or other articles, that had dropped in whole or broken packets, and here and there was more distinctly marked by a small bale of lambswool drawers, or thirty yards of Welsh flannel, that had bounced off alive, and after its owner had got a furlong off, come to rest in the middle of the road.

At a further period, with more deliberation but greater risk, Sessions also had passed out stock into a light cart, but without time to enter everything on his manifest, or to compose his nerves to the task of leading, had stretched himself upon or between soft packages in the cart, while Mrs. Sessions, holding a large gilt lamb on her lap, took up the reins on the driving seat. Thus arranged, they followed with the advantage of breaking dawn the course Coby had pursued in darkness, with equal or even greater speed, for the dangers better seen were also more lively, and where Coby had failed to sprinkle the road they supplied it with a second sowing.

The gentry not aiming to carry so much goods, but having in themselves what was more precious, had at somewhat later and various points of the early morning, with common sensations but independent plans, taken the same way with Sessions and Coby, which indeed was the only dry artery of communication with the main. Among these exiles of fashion was Mrs. Champlin. In this final hour, determined to go out with the style to which she had always been accustomed, and of which the circumstances of the country only made her more tenacious, she had for some days tied up her chariot in a table-cloth, and laid down straw for her horses in Mr. Champlin's study, and now had the advantage and proofs of her prudence. Mrs. Perry, not so wise or so fortunate, but equally resolved to retire with safety if not grace, having allowed her cobs to be enlisted in the patriotic cavalry, and her bright yellow panels, caught at the wrong end of Thames-street, to be battered out of shape and beyond all purposes of utility, had roped an arm-chair on a low truck, and begging the favour of a tow from Governor Gibbs, followed

his overloaded carriage with all the comfort that could be expected without springs. Malbone, with his newly-married wife held tightly on his knees, had come down the back side of Tammany, by a way only known to himself and not very easy for him, in an abandoned medical sulky, being the only wheels he could save or borrow, and reached thus far without mishap.

It was not all the decedents who were happy enough to depend on their own resources. Mr. Nelson of Church-street had one more daughter than Philip the Evangelist, but they prophesied nothing but young men they were going to marry, without their knowledge it seemed, and new bonnets their father was going to pay for against his will. Returning after a few minutes' absence which he had used in some necessary street observations, Nelson was surprised to find that his daughters and their mother had in the mean while escaped in a market-boat across the bay. He was indignant at the treachery rather than the traitors, for disembarrassed of his affections at a time when any burden was too much weight, he had a

sense of relief approaching to comfort. Himself however, too late for the tide, was bound to hire a beast of draught from a Methodist, and with just time enough to exchange his silk stockings for white woollens, set out on top of his animal to follow the land programme. The dissenter was lame from the start, and went on his knees twice in the first quarter of an hour; but Nelson, finding the second time that he was bent on remaining at his prayers, and fearing he would sing psalms, ran on in advance, and offering himself as footman to one of the flying coaches, was accepted, and stood for the rest of the journey.

Some of the gentlemen too, unable to save in the general wreck any convenience of their own, had chartered the New Bedford stage, then having little or nothing to do. They were all seated punctually by appointment, except a youth of constitutional fatness, who had run back to get a clean pocket-handkerchief. He had asked, without putting expense in comparison with safety, that two places should be kept for him, being not more than his bulk required, and the driver had promised

accordingly. But on returning, in full trust of being adequately booked, he found, not that the promise had failed, but that one of the seats was on the box and the other inside, and being held to his rights was obliged to travel astride of the window, making efforts at times to plant his foot near the Jehu on the driving-board.

Some instances it is reported were even more exciting. The husbands of Mrs. Kimball and Mrs. Pangborn, having three days before been deputed to treat for articles of peace with the insurgents, or at least make an oration to the muddy major-generals, had never returned nor sent any news of their fate. Though it was afterwards known that both had faithlessly and at once, on turning the corner of the street, thrown themselves metaphorically into the arms of liberty. They had stopped before the first grocer's shop, and each jumping into an empty sugar hogshead, changed their civil breeches for buckskins, having first put on a blue swallow-tail with yellow facings, for each had brought his suit of dishonour under his arm, tied up like a bundle of papers and marked Public and pressing. Having gone

into the flies finished traitors, they came out complete Continentals. The bereaved ladies, though very anxious for vice, supposed they were grieving for virtue, and were so bound together in woe that they felt the necessity of not severing in safety, and therefore went off at joint charges in an invisible green chaise, with a light boy seated alternately on their laps to drive, and before the run was half over he was saturated or rather drowned in moisture.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph were mounted on a pair of fine Spanish mules, imported as articles of *luxe* in happier times, and which, having been accustomed to the mountains of Cuba, it was thought would easily overcome any extraordinary work. Mr. R.'s hybrid trotted on very well, and leaving Mrs. Randolph far behind, was soon up with the head of the column. On the other hand, the lady's palfrey, unambitious and unregretting its mate, ambled along slowly until it took fright at Coby's Welsh flannel, and pointing its long ears at the obnoxious roll, though it had been kicked and tumbled by many feet without remark, refused to pass it.

Efforts were made in vain to move a will that was firmer than a rock for human hands. A reverend black coachman approaching the head soothingly, whispered it: You is proud, is you—you tink I don't know who your father was? But this expostulation was not more effective than the rest. At last a young man, whose grandfather had commanded three mounted riflemen at Patchoque, and seemed to have mixed with his blood talents for the field, or a knowledge of dragoon work, proposed to fasten the recusant by a rope to the next preceding carriage. The plan was adopted, and while some of the first men pricked with their swords behind, the slackened rope was tightened before, but with no further effect than to bring the carriage into the same state of immobility with the mule, at which there was a harsh outcry from inside and the hawser at once indignantly cast off.

This failing, and just as a false alarm ran along the line that the enemy was closing, and the impatience of those who were constipated was becoming uncontrollable, a youthful lady, afterwards known for her literary talent,

suggested that the Welsh flannel should be lifted, having first thrown her own camel's-hair shawl over the head of the terrorist, and laid in a line due south a few yards from his posterior hocks. This done, to the surprise of all, for even the inventor had little trust in her patent, the Cuban capitulated and marched out of the trouble, with some of the bloody proofs if not the honours of war.

Before this solution of the embarrassment, Miss Sally Sheaffe had passed in a light vehicle driving tandem. She had some difficulty in clearing the crowd of sympathising doctors and grounded coaches, but having succeeded she exclaimed smilingly: Courage! the enemy's sharpshooters covering his advance are within a mile. Good-bye, I am going to dine with the General-in-Chief commanding the patriot forces, if I can catch him in time! And tipping her leader she was soon out of hearing. With these and other *contretemps*, after a tedious travel, the fugitive society, consisting of many more than those whose names have been told, indeed a large mounted or melancholy body, had got at last to the north end of the

island, and fallen in, as already stated, with Fitzgibbon and Hartley, suburban offshoots but nevertheless acknowledged scions of the stock.

The procession on wheels had come to a pause, and the ladies and gentlemen stepping out to the ground, gathered round the new comers on the side of the road. Though their misfortunes were heavy, their spirits seemed for the moment light. The sky was brighter than usual in seasons of trouble, and, as they could not be called a party of pleasure, the day comparatively fine. It was something to breathe freer, after a hot stifling atmosphere, and with a strong sense of escape or feeling that they had got from the fire into the frying-pan, their appreciation of comfort was considerable.

O Doctor Hartley! we are so glad to see you, exclaimed Mrs. Weatherbee, the original cause of the great Weatherbee, the most remarkable man in the country. I am sure it is a comfort and very great security to have a well-made clergyman along with us. Now we have got a priest, remarked Bartlett, we can

do as much wickedness as we please. Well, we have doubled Cape Fear, at any rate, said Malbone. Is your house burning yet, Mrs. Channing? No, replied the lady, I believe not, but poor Mrs. Champlin's is. I cannot pity her, interposed Hartley, she has so much that can't burn.

It ought to be, continued Malbone, for they began with the principal inhabitants several hours since, and must have got to the middle classes by this time. I have got a ten-pound note in my pocket and that is all, he added. Oh, but you have got plenty at your goldsmith's—I know you have, said Madame Perry. Alack, replied Malbone, the goldsmiths have all flown away and left nothing but their shells, like locusts.

Here the general sympathy was directed towards Mrs. Champlin, who was throwing up her beautiful arms in apparent agony not more remarkable than distressing. Some present thought it the torment of the flames, ten miles off, reflected to her person. I can tell you it hurts a good deal to have one's house burnt, said Malbone. Others suggested a sudden

thought of Champlin realizing threepence a hundred profit on red herrings, with the risk of an overdried stock and expenses of smoke, or with a pack on his back retailing needles and thread and devotional tracts, in a district with a very long thermometer. But further conjecture became useless by the sufferer poignantly exclaiming, Oh! oh! how could I leave home without sitting to Copley!

My dear madam, responded Hartley, tenderly, to us it does not seem a misfortune as long as we have yourself with us. I do not know how you would look in oils, but I am sure nothing can be better than your natural flesh and blood. Besides, for some time now, Copley has left the country, and taken the fine arts with him. He was hoisted on board ship sitting on his own palette, clasping an easel with both arms to hide his blushes, with long brushes and daubers crossing his body, like an emblematic Cupid of portraiture.

My dear Mrs. Perry, spoke a gentleman, I hear you laid poison in your pantry, and plugged your firewood with gunpowder before you left! O for shame, replied Mrs. Perry,

I did take precautions against the rats, but not to forget the part of a Christian. I forgot entirely I was a Christian, interposed Governor Gibbs, and smuggled off my old wine last week. I shipped it to Dr. Redman in Philadelphia, an old friend of my family. I am sure in ordinary times I would not trust him to bring a bottle from the cellar; but what could I do?

The stone bridge was close at hand, and so was the Black Horse, where Madam Folsom still lay, unknown to her comrades. As the company moved about on the dirty turf, Hartley mused much on the gaiety that could lighten circumstances so sad. There was, however, little time to be lost; and Mr. Cauliflower Cook, whose system it was to leave a large margin for everything, inquired: Is it not necessary to fly? Fly, replied Malbone, we can hardly crawl, we are so tired. You talk like a man who has not carried his wife on his knees for ten miles, besides it is a comfort to feel the ground again. At last, after a *relache* that to some seemed longer than prudence allowed, and to others shorter than weariness required, the caravan, now including Hartley

and Fitzgibbon, was again on its way. In a short time further they had left the last landmark of their island-home behind them, and with this the partnership of ill began to break up, and the fragments pursued each its several course of various fate and unequal fortune. Before they finally got under weigh, more than one lady was bitterly lamenting some commonest conveniences of the toilet, forgotten or missed in the hurry of setting out, and gentlemen quite as lamely provided were equally plaintive. It is always the way, remarked Doctor Hartley, when an ancient noblesse are driven out by popular madness; they are sure to leave behind combs and brushes, and pomatum pots and bellybands, and a good many things they meant to take with them.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE fugitives, though for the most part deserting all that made their lives comfortable, carried away a good deal that was respectable. The stiff old Colonial, with an angular sort of honesty and a monarchical sense of honour, was succeeded by the unscrupulous Democrat, incapable of shame as of honour, of all the nations of the earth the only human animal that avows and practises on the principle that gain is its only object in every relation of life. The civility that went off in the last buggy left a state of natural religion, where impudence that had no regard of men had as little fear for

God, and love of lucre answered for love of good. The story that lasted while they all kept together, must end when the high families of the little island were scattered, never to return and not long to live. The magnificent red man first, and then the sturdy straight-minded Englishman his foe, have disappeared five fathoms deep. A new atmosphere has come over the land, or a new land got under the air; at any rate the celebrities of a hundred years since, now only minded by idlers, are like old bones buried in caves or dug from out the alluvial soil of rivers.

Still something is known of the subsequent fortunes of those who have figured in this tedious history, though like coast-fires in a fog they have shed but a murky light. Doctor Hartley's property, like that of all his friends on the island perhaps, had melted away before the hot sun of liberty. And though ministers, after the close of a long contest, professed a lively sympathy for loyalist refugees, so much time was spent in gathering proofs, so much in passing on claims, that for most the miserable dole did not come for many years and

then dwindled like the feeling that bestowed it. Worse than for the master was the effect of the Doctor's pecuniary decline to his black menials. Unfitted to bear the frosts or build themselves snow-houses in the keen air of life, they scattered to starve and shiver as they could. In an obscure alley, under the motto, Goin out to chors and manglein dun here, poor Dinah tried for some years to keep body and soul together. But the *chaws* were deficient, and the chief mangling the sharp nose of the wolf snuffling in her entrails. Soon hollowed out, she died in the faith that she would meet the Doctor in heaven.

Ptolemy wished to drag out life at the tail of a dray, but the dray ate so much, or at least the horse did, that it drew the whole concern into bankruptcy. Phil then set up as a preacher. It was plain to the coloured laity that Hartley's man-servant must have talents, and Phil had not only caught the Doctor's mantle but a good deal of his manner in the pulpit, and having a call from his stomach was soon settled. But an unfortunate leaning to certain fripperies of worship, joined to complaints

of his having misused the confessional, aroused a Protestant feeling, and soon brought him before an ecclesiastical court, and he was forbidden to be officious again within the bounds of the woolly synod.

Broken in fame, wanting food and shelter, with patches of skin on his clothes, he had not even enough respectability left to get into the poor-house. For some months, with thinning juices, his complexion paled very much, his red lips became almost white, he haunted sunny corners, and wished it could always be summer, he sucked sugar or molasses when foreign commerce had become at all restored, and at last in an easterly gale, that for many hours shut him up in a vacant lot, sick of the world, chilled, wet, and empty, but fancying he heard ringing in his ears: Phil, why don't you come sooner—I have rung at least a dozen times,—he ended one life to begin another.

The incumbent of Trinity and his friend, giving a wide berth to cities and towns, and avoiding the open country, wound their way by sea and land to the province of New Brunswick, and found rest for the soles of

their feet at St. John's. Here Hartley was fain to eat the very husks of the clerical corn. Befriended in his low estate by Doctor Broadsides the vicar, he was glad to become a curate, at ten pounds a year, of Saint James the Less in that town. He met there or was shortly joined by his son and daughter. Fitzgibbon at once put into the common treasury the rental from his English estates, but the means of the transplanted establishment were very narrow, and stayed so to the end of time for them. To increase these, Fitzgibbon went for a while as tutor to Government-house, and poured water on the desert in refreshing the High Treasurer's Greek. He also haled on an endless chain, to teach the Auditor-General's daughters the art of embroidering Latin exercise books. But in a few months the novelty wore off, and the employment ceased soon after. Henry, by the favour of Lady Clive, or other friends who remembered him in England, without long waiting, got a commission in the army, and soon had the opportunity of being killed in a descent on the French coast.

Miss Hartley, active and cheerful, full of resources as well as knowledge of common things, and plentifully stocked with good thoughts from reading and observation, made their home almost as happy as it was humble. She fed the inmates like a peripatetic philosopher, and entertained them a great deal more. Indeed, if her company could be esteemed by younger men, it was more valuable perhaps to two old ones, who had a relish for genial fellowship and particularly hers. If the Doctor was unrepining, it was chiefly owing to his daughter being spared to him, even contrary to his designs at one time, and if Fitzgibbon was contented, it was because there was a lady in the house. Several years passed away, and Miss Hartley, not forgetting but very well able to do without the chevaliers that once troubled her peace, seemed to have entered definitively the guild of which Fitzgibbon was a member, at least the latter flattered himself that such was the case. But the woof of mortality, that is ever changing, brought a new figure when least expected, and when

it seemed impossible for things to change again.

The Chief Justice of these parts, Beverley Robinson, had become acquainted with the Hartleys soon after their arrival, and this had slowly but surely ripened into intimacy and esteem. He was a bald-headed minister of the sword and scales, almost as straight though not so tall as the figure of Justice itself. He was thought to resemble the bust of Trajan in the Vatican, for the benevolence of his features, and certainly, though not called after his own nose like Ovid, he had comely traits. For thirty years he had buried his head in law, and never once thought of anything unusual, but at last, in spite of down-east ushers, who handed him his wig and white fox-skin for ermine, in spite of the ugly sheriff and his javelin-men, his mind began to take in pleasing images, and his professional ambition was suddenly set on getting a silk gown. The more he thought on it, the more he was convinced that the rustling of that kind of plumage about his preserves at nightfall, would be agreeable to him. But he looked it so long, without

saying it, that he discounted surprise, and when at last he proposed to the Doctor and then to Miss Hartley, that the latter should become a puisne judge on his domestic bench, there was no wonder and but little hesitation.

Miss Hartley was now removed so long from the early scenes of her tragedy, that her heart-wounds had cicatrized. By a strange mis-chaining of events, the youth who loved her had carried off the man she loved, and never brought him back again, nor from that time to this had any news been heard of either. In the mean while, rising with time, she had reached the plateau of years that is sprinkled with widowers and second-hand men, and sometimes very choice fish that have never yet been packed and salted, and though never expecting to be reduced to a Chief Justice, that had happened that was not looked for. She was more than in the second year of her trentaine, and brought down the parchment sheet in the Bible and the Bible itself to prove it.

The Chief Justice, pleased with a frankness he could not copy, was uncertain of his age,

but thought the parish registers ought at least to show when he was christened. On inquiry, however, they only showed a striking *hiatus* beginning very far back and reaching down to quite a modern epoch. Though the fact was never criminally established, it was thought by many that Miss Hartley's lover himself, for reasons he had, must have feloniously tampered with the records, it being so very remarkable that no mention should be made of the christening of the highest judicial officer of the Crown in the colony. At any rate the Chief Justice had the advantage of not being tied down to a particular year. He proposed, out of his estate, which was as large as a tea table, to settle a bit as big as a pocket handkerchief on the lady of his choice, without hurt to her viduous rights in the tea things; and as the proposal was of his own will, so it was received without objection or remark.

Fitzgibbon was consulted on the point of inequality of age; but wishing to make a decision that might favour his order, he determined that nothing of the sort could be

as between man and woman, for the years of the one complemented those of the other, and if the sum were not over a hundred, they were clearly marriageable. He was right, as the event showed, for within the delays of three times crying at church, the blossomy Chief Justice, pure as a daisy in Gray's Inn Gardens, led his most excellent bride up to the chancel rails. The union became a spring of happiness to all their connections, but chiefly to themselves, and issued in a line of descendants of the true porcelain kind, more worthy than many however, in small generations, select and distinguished, that are dropping down even to the present day, and always true just-minded men and women.

Mistress Beverley Robinson, true to both sides of her house, continued to love and tend her old associates all the rest of their days. These were much shorter than her own, and at last peacefully ended if not in the same bed, absolutely in one room and the same hour. Hartley at last reached the point of deducting his continuance from overtiding a season or working out a spell of bad weather, and more

than once informed a friend that he had remarked if he got through the month of March he always lived the rest of the year. But both of them were now very old, and carried their lives as it were in their hands.

As weakness chained them to their kennels, they refused to be separated, for bodily strength and ease failing, there was the greater need of mental stay and comforts. As the flame of life flickered the warmth of affection increased, and the great change coming on, the friends looked with clearer eye over a wider horizon. From two sides of a rather coarse room, with opposite toes and confronting faces, they talked together, of worldly times or the new prospects. But the human dross seemed refining, as the better land was opening. At the point there was no farewell spoken, but the Doctor with his chin leaning over the bed-clothes said: John, are you ready?—then say the Collect for Sunday after Ascension. Fitzgibbon tried what speech failed him, but one faint arm staggering out waved on the silent air, to the Doctor's pleased and understanding sight, the form of hope. Again and again it drew the comfortable sign,

until going aside for a little without parting, the travellers took their last stage together.

Church never lost his recollections of Miss Hartley, nor missed the impression her beauty and excellence had early made on him. When she went east, and he shortly afterwards, already many months since they had met, set his face in another direction to join the army of General Greene in the south, there was little likelihood that he would see or hear of her again. The war it was thought would never end, and the post that seemed to destroy communications between the revolted parts of the continent, really afforded no passages from these to the provinces far East. He carried her image, however, wherever he went, and being more active than victims of unrequited passion usually are, the journeys were long; but the portrait seemed never hurt by travel nor dimmed by time. Fine nights in the Jerseys he devoted to sailing with the same stars he thought Miss Hartley might then be gazing at, though in truth the sensible woman seldom indulged in the pastime. Indeed, lying on his back in armed camps, through the dead

hours, whether the stars were to be seen or not, his thoughts usually went back to the time just preceding his military career, when his father was in trouble and he was in love. When he got as far south as the Pedee, the same moon followed him, and still the silver ship seemed trailing a long thread of light over the port quarter, and another to windward, which seemed not only a line of sympathy but a real attachment between himself and the far lady.

On the morning of the battle of Cowpens, he rose with the first blush of violet over the low country, and washing his face and hands in his orderly's hat, offered his prayer: God be merciful to me a sinner, bless my friends and relations, and——The reveillé sounded while his horse was picking over Jerusalem artichokes, or otherwise munching a carrot, and he himself working a thumb end of salt pork, which refusing to yield he swallowed whole. The major having reported the men paraded, and ammunition filled up, saving two soldiers whose cartridge boxes were found brimming with whiskey, Church ordered the liquor to be

distributed to others and the faithless providers debited for a dozen. The tall drummer going apart with them, and relieving the faulty cartouches, carefully poured their contents into the side of his drum, which was the mouth of a skin bottle as well. Clutching two pairs of unwilling hands he tied them up like a bunch of turnips, and slinging the rope's end over a tree fork, haled hard and belayed. The culprits had before doffed their jackets, either to obey orders or make the effect more amusing, though there was nobody within twenty paces to be entertained but the drummer.

I think ye'll remimber this once, said he, to be stayling whiskey all for yerselves, yer selfish craythurs! And, raising a very short handle with nine tails, he awoke a burst of sound that made many in the array, formed not far off, turn their heads. The punishment was still sounding as Church lifted himself to his saddle, and wheeling the small regiment into column, marched to take up his position.

Church had deployed and placed himself to the rear of his centre, with the music on his left, and the doctors a good many yards

behind him, when the first lucky shot dissolved the muscular power of an Irishman in the front rank. Church, fearing the effect of bad example, ordered him at once to be picked out, and accordingly, roaring lustily with the words: O Judy dear! sure its takin the stiffness out o' me they is! O fader McShane! an its meeself had'nt any right to be hit at all at all! O! O! he was borne to the rear. But the next, a moment after, doubled the tall drummer's legs under him, on which there was a hearty burst of laughter or something like a huzza, which Church had trouble in repressing.

Nothing could be seen from where the Commandant stood of the rest of the army, though a hedge of redcoats showed as high as cabbage plants in front. A dropping fire of musquetry from distant pine-trees on the left had begun the skirmish, but soon the fight engaging, artillery and platoon firing did their work. The doctors were more than busy. The old head surgeon, with shirt sleeves turned over the elbows and forearms smeared with gore, often raised a flask to his angry mouth and loudly cursed his quivering patients. A thick

cloud lay along the ground in front, but a breeze kept the rear free. Church saw to his wonder the surgeon, with infuriated gestures though what seemed an unsteady gait, in full chase of a soldier who without any firelock might appear an invalid, but with considerable agility left. Running in a circuit of which the Commander was the centre, the soldier dodged here and there and sometimes doubled, though without much gaining on his pursuer.

What is the matter, Doctor Harris? cried Church; leave him alone. The scoundrel, shouted the Doctor still running, in a voice made more grating by sense of wrong, won't come and have his leg cut off, Colonel! And at the word he pitched head-foremost and lay on the ground, unable or unwilling to rise. But the soldier, dashing off on a tangent, broke into the ranks and was lost among his comrades.

A brigadier's Aid without any hat was now coming on in hot speed, and suddenly reining his horse on its haunches, as he saluted Church and exclaimed: General advance, sir! quick as possible; bear well to the right! he swayed round and was quickly out of sight again.

Church raised his voice in a few words of encouragement to his men, signalled the *pas de charge*, and amid smoky hurras the line pressed forward. He had put spurs to his horse and was tending towards the right, when a fatal cannon-ball struck on his saddle-bow, and mangling him fearfully across the front passed on. The horse, unhurt himself, at once came to rest, knowing his master's strait, for poor Church in his agony had fallen completely forward and clasped the animal's neck with both arms. For some moments unobserved, he kept faintly exclaiming: Will no one help me off this horse? will no one help me off this horse?

At last an officer on foot and a serjeant, quickly followed by one or two others, came running to his aid, for in the short interval the advancing line had not got very far from him, and lifting him tenderly laid him on the ground. One ran instantly for a surgeon, expecting to meet the doctors not far off, and indeed he did after a few steps come across the chief of the medical staff, prone and sottish on the earth. Giving him a severe though

contemptuous kick as he passed, exclaiming, You are drunk! the messenger directly afterwards met with a surgeon's mate, and both set off at a hand-gallop to the chief's comforting. But the horrible nature of the hurt left only wonder that the pulse of life was still beating. The Colonel's fingers played with his coat-breast, and the officer in aid of his wishes opened it and took out a little pacquet sealed and addressed. As he held this in his hand, Church's eyes stared at him, with well understood meaning, that becoming fainter and fainter, though the gaze was still fixed, seemed at last to fade in death.

The pacquet after several years, and various journeyings, as if it had crazy love itself for postman, and miracles for stage-coaches, at last reached the person for whom it was meant. On the day after her marriage was brought to the lady chief justice an odd little lump, of almost unreadable superscription, stained with age, and much travel-worn. This she opened with wonder, to find within an outer envelope a letter, written shortly after a battle, and near the field, giving simple particulars of the last

moments of one she had well known in girlhood, and within, the dead watch and equally tomb-like words of fidelity of poor Church. Her thoughts rushing back to former days, her heart yearning towards affection she had too little valued, the pride of her youth seeming the sin of her age, the bride of yesterday harrowed with grief and self-reproach, in the height of her happiness was in the depth of misery.

For several hours the pleasures of the Chief Justice were hung with gloom, and the general scenery misty and leaden. Though as little to blame for Church's existence as for his end, and not more perhaps for the malady he had carried even to the field, the thought of having disordered a worthy person's affairs for life, perhaps mis-shaped his destiny, involved a certain painful responsibility. At least the story was a mournful one, and not to be thought of without the keenest sorrow, nor could the lady look but with the greatest kindness on such a sacrifice to her merits. At last she washed away her tears, for it absolutely required to take up a line, and with the loyalty that is most perfect when vows are fresh, she

resolved to serve up a dead lover before the eyes of a living husband.

The Chief Justice, seemingly by no means aware of the universality of the moulting state, which had been his own of late, was surprised that Miss Hartley should have before known a situation he thought he had himself invented. But it seemed an estoppel of ill that the youth was departed, and provided the watch could be imprisoned for life, and no future sentimentalist dead or dying write to the former Miss Hartley, no harm was done, or at least it was over. My dear lady, said the Chief Justice, the affection of a worthy young man who is defunct, may be likened to the benignancy of the stars, at least it is a testimonial of the very highest character. But this watch that seems very pretty, though rather old-fashioned perhaps, if you allow me, I will take charge of just as it is in the letters and envelope, and keep safely among my private papers.

Mr. and Mrs. Malbone sailed in their sulky, as long as the navigation suited that kind of vessel, but at last obliged to leave it, worked their way by other means to the same province

as Hartley. From an early stage of his hegira, Malbone, yielding to crosses of body and soul, sank in moral force, and never recovered his position. Before they got many miles from the island, in signal of the transference of command, he had exchanged places, and getting between the reins, sat on his wife's knees who before had rested on his. At last after evil straits, and many weeks' journeying, they landed in a fierce country about thirty miles from the capital, where the question was no longer of travelling but of living. Malbone had money enough in his pocket to buy a small estate, and to build a house and furnish it. And all this taking but little time, they were soon established, and the agricultural phase of their life began; for to continue to be consumers it was indeed necessary to be producers.

His wife, not soured by loss of fortune, though somewhat put out, had a knowledge of country tricks that stood them in need; and the misalliance, under his altered circumstances, even in the view of Malbone himself, turned out the happiest event of his life. She rather over-supplied than stinted him, or with stronger

food than was his custom, and it sometimes disagreed with him. Their union was blessed with children, and lasted here for several years, she constantly swelling in fat and vigour, and he dwindling as well in bulk as in mind. The eldest boy, from his neat way of pailing slops to the sty, and the grace with which he crossed his feet, and an undefinable gentility in driving the cows home, was called the *lady*. Malbone himself was looked upon by the neighbours as a sort of crazy dowager, who had seen high life, a long time before. Family jars were not more than the size of the family required. But on the whole, so far as the roughness of her sex allowed, Mrs. Malbone, though aware she had married below her, for Malbone was not at all at home in her circle, and his ignorance of common things was intense, treated her husband with consistent gentleness, and might be called an attentive and tender wife.

Living on the simplest plan, among rural elements, in passable subjection to his ruler, Malbone carried with him to the end the delusion, not more singular than happy, that he moved as of old among high-bred and wealthy people. He retained the gay air of good com-

pany, and neglected with his sun-burnt fellow-citizens, and particularly their dames, none of the forms of courtesy. Before being long a resident, most of the neighbouring landed proprietors had called on him, some to borrow an axe, some to lend him a crow, and with little delay he went the rounds in return. But finding the heads of houses all out, as was to be expected at the hour he chose, he dropped the usual record of polite attention. Most of the visiting-cards came back the same day or the next, with plain want of understanding; but having made clear their nature, Malbone still persevered to pay morning calls with the air of Wall Street or the Parade.

He insisted on giving meridian dinners, with long invitations, of mess pork and molasses, and corn-spirit after the bed-quilt was removed. And in entering his company from the cabbage patch to the dining-room, was as careful of priorities as ever, giving precedence to the owner of a milch-cow over a breeding hog, and seating the spouse of the gentleman who had winter-apples above a bachelor who possessed only dried peaches. At their whist-parties, as he called them, drowsy hard-working matrons

played euker with horny-handed males, on Saturday afternoons until sundown.

Malbone assured Mr. Chalkley, a neighbour who owned but one shirt and deprived his own pigs, that a man of his fortune ought to keep a boar of his own. He often asked Fryett, another coterminous householder, whether he patronized the fellows in the Savoy or the natives in Thames Street, to which Fryett as often answered simply that he could not recollect who made his breeches, but old Sally sewed buttons on as often as she chose. He bowed profoundly and said elegant nothings to women who scrubbed the pine boards of a small cabin oftener than they scrubbed themselves. Some he so instructed in what became their imputed righteousness, that more than one claimed pin-money once a quarter, and tried to squabble about her jointure and to make indelicate allusions to her settlement, but the good man could never tell what she meant. Indeed Malbone was so surrounded by this fog of fancy, that he found in the artificial atmosphere, among other things he had been accustomed to, almost his former happiness.

Quarry, having been among the earliest

favourers of change, maintained his forward position in the new order of things, and was sent as envoy extraordinary to France, where his friend Baron De Kalb introduced him to elegant circles as a man of talents *à quatre pattes*; but his usual title in Parisian society was *cochon qui a pris la liberté*. Unhappily, like the cat that forgot she was a princess, he one day pounced on the small representative of a bigoted German court, with the intention of giving him a flogging. The apparent juvenile's loud Teutonic cries brought persons to his help. The diplomatic corps were in an uproar, the great powers exchanged very warm notes, and a general war seemed imminent, when Quarry was withdrawn by his government, and afterwards ended his career as a professor of humanities in Brown University.

Pynchon, who for many years had carried his conscience in his hat, except when tied up by mistake with his foul linen, and whose faith had constantly been that admission to the company of higher intelligences was to be vindicated by first overreaching the order of sublunary intellects, ran the course that even the highest style of man, as Pynchon had

always considered an attorney to be, is sure to tread with the rest. Having eased his father's family of their patrimony, and informed them he should always rejoice in their welfare, besides marauding the social circle around him, without any pleasure in its welfare, he survived the adoption of the federal constitution, and his own also; for shortly after, having first delivered a fourth of July congratulatory, and been elected lawyer to the Cincinnati east of Byam river, he died as an attorney should, passably rich, and very much abused.

Like tragedy-writers who end with a general massacre, we are bound to dispose of the rest of our characters. It is true they all died in due time, but before this Miss Morris had married great O., who, having been measured by various surveyors, was established the ugliest man between Throg's Point and Boston Light, and like most ugly men secured a large fortune and all earthly advantages. In a few years she had a very fine lot of red-haired freckled children, who did her credit in becoming useful citizens and citizen-esses. Some of them became the mothers to red-haired freckled derivatives in turn, and these gave birth to

other series in geometrical progression of the same ruby humble-minded variety, which are continued to the present day, and as is known in the philosophy of words always show a root and the radical always has the same meaning.

Miss Morris herself survived her ugly husband, and also a great many of the handsomest men. She lived to a great age, with increasing affection and popular applause; and when the joke could be carried no farther, the Legislature of New York sent resolutions of condolence to her youngest grandson and presented him with a sword. Her bodily platform had become rickety, strutting beams and fashion timbers very crooked, and wales and wood-work generally much sprung and decayed; but the natural sponginess of her material and great stiffness of mental power, with widow's frill and black mits, propped it up for many years longer.

Miss Singleton, having been demanded by Willing and asked by Clymer, as well as petitioned by several other progenitors of the present people, at last gave her hand to Myddleton. She covered him with rice plantations up to the chin, so that he always stepped soft

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as if moving in alluvial, and dreamt of little else than letting on the water, clearing out sluices, and the expectation of ripening frosts. Nevertheless without giving particular attention to it, he soon found himself bit at the heels by a large family. But with the progress of things in general, rice plantations bettered so much in value, and the London factor returned such good prices, that, unlike the poor man who pulls the sheet over his face to hide his embarrassment and avoid the looks of the young ladies and gentlemen around him, Myddleton had the great satisfaction of dying with the belief that his grumblers would be pleased to consider themselves tolerably comfortable. Which indeed proved to be the case, and the race has continued so ever since.

THE END.

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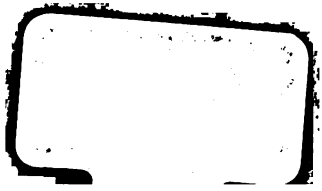
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